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Agnosticism in Theory and Practice.

ASSUREDLY if ever a school of thought claimed to hold the domain of reason in fee simple, it is that which describes its position as "Agnostic." So completely—we are given to understand—has this philosophy made right reason its own, that all controversy is at once determined in its favour, if only such reason be accepted as the arbiter, and antagonists are troublesome only so far as they can, by one means or another, guard themselves from being reached by rational argument. Against the fatal possibility of being so assailed they were long assured by the ignoble armour of skulls too thick to be penetrated by scientific truth;¹ but this can no longer avail them, and they have in consequence become a feeble folk, like the conies which make their dwellings among the rocks, and find safety by bolting rabbit-like into the obscurity of their burrows, when the light becomes painful to their unaccustomed eyes. In consequence, the task of the "philosopher" now resolves itself into one of earth-stopping: all that he has to do is to prevent his antagonist from getting away;² can he but succeed in this the enemy is delivered helpless into his hands.

This is, no doubt, a highly satisfactory creed for those who can see their way to profess it, and one eminently calculated to give them that good conceit of themselves, for which the Scotch minister prayed. They will, at the same time, of course, be the last to object to any discussion of their position, upon a purely rational basis, for in venturing to face the full light of their

¹ "Since physical science, in the course of the last fifty years, has brought to the front an inexhaustible supply of heavy artillery of a new pattern, warranted to drive solid bolts of fact through the thickest skulls, things have been looking better: though hardly more than the first faint glimmerings of the dawn of the happy day, when superstition and false metaphysics shall be no more, and reasonable folks may 'live at ease,' are as yet discoverable by the *enfants perdus* of the outposts." (Professor Huxley, *Hume*, English Men of Letters, p. 59.)

² "The favourite 'earth,' in which the hard-pressed reconciler takes refuge, . . . is stopped in this instance." (Professor Huxley, *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1889, p. 173.)

principles an adversary can do nothing else but commit the happy despatch.

The groundwork of the Agnostic system is the existence of "the Unknowable," of that which is not, and under no circumstances can be, the object of knowledge; and Agnostics, we are told, are honourably distinguished from others in this—that whereas these profess to know something about what cannot be known, they honestly confess their ignorance. They willingly accept whatever is demonstrated, and are prepared to accept whatever is demonstrable: but there they resolutely stop—the scientific habit of their minds forbidding them to feign assent, where assent could be nothing but a feint. Their principle, we are told, is as old as Socrates, it is the fundamental axiom of modern science, and it is thus formulated by the teacher who has provided Agnosticism with its name. "Positively, the principle may be expressed: In matters of the intellect, follow your reason as far as it will take you, without regard to any other consideration. And negatively: In matters of the intellect, do not pretend that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable. That I take to be the Agnostic faith, which if a man keep whole and undefiled, he shall not be ashamed to look the universe in the face, whatever the future may have in store for him."¹

But, if this be all, does it appear as if we were likely to get much further than before by the aid of this principle? Confessedly it is as old as the hills. It may further be asked, who are the men who have ever acted, or thought it possible to act, on any other? To bid us go only where reason leads, is like warning us not to write the history of prehistoric peoples. Reason is our only faculty capable of discovering truth, and it follows of necessity, that all truth to which we attain must be arrived at through it. If this be the sum total of the Agnostic's argument and rhetoric, he is but battering at an open door.

In truth, however, the contention which is uppermost in his thought is one which he has not seen fit to include in his fundamental statement: namely, that reason can lead us to truth in one way only. Agnostic arguments are altogether unmeaning, unless it be first taken for granted, that nothing is reasonably demonstrated or demonstrable, but what is known through the senses: in other words, that we can have no true knowledge, save of the material universe and of the forces

¹ Professor Huxley, *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1889, p. 186.

to which its phenomena bear witness. "Reason," accordingly, becomes in Agnostic phraseology, a synonym for "the conclusions of physical science," and the creed which we have heard would have been more clearly formulated, as well as more honestly, had it run, "We must believe what we can prove by physical science, and nothing else."

Thus defined, the battle-ground between Agnostics and their opponents wears a somewhat altered aspect. It is one thing to say that we must believe in nothing but what reason sanctions, and another, to forbid belief in anything not sanctioned by reason in one particular way. The Agnostic, of course, says that it comes to the same thing, for in that one way alone can the sanction of reason be given. But if he would have others to agree with him, he must, in the name of reason, show them plainly wherefore they should do so. And how is this to be done? On what axiom, or on what process of argument, does his assumption rest? To such a question, it is evident, a clear and cogent answer should be forthcoming, for here is the very corner-stone of the whole system. Where such answer is to be found, or even an attempt to furnish it, is not quite so plain. But before entering upon a quest for it some other points have to be considered.

It is not in regard of Agnostic principles alone that we are apt to be encountered by an obscurity which we should scarcely expect in this temple of light. The objects with which this "reasonable scepticism" deals, are usually indicated with at least equal vagueness. At the same time, if we are to gauge the method aright, it is of prime importance to know what are the objects incapable of demonstration, in which there are men so besotted as to profess belief. Undoubtedly the first and foremost of these—that from which all the rest depend—is God Himself: the God of Theism, eternal, self-existent, Almighty and intelligent, the Creator and Upholder of all things. Disbelief—or non-belief—in Him, is the primary article of the Agnostic Creed. It is at belief in such a Being that Agnostics gird in all their utterances. We can know nothing of Him, they say, we have no means of knowing; reason affords no proof of His existence. A profession of belief in Him is, therefore, a mere futility, which all men possessed of self-respect will reprobate.

Now, we are not at present considering the arguments by which the existence of God may be proved, but the Agnostic

position that no proof is possible. Belief in God, we must remember, is based, not on an acknowledgment that no evidence for it is furnished by reason, but precisely on the contention that the argument from reason is too strong to be resisted. To hear an Agnostic talk, we might well suppose that for believers the absence of reason was the very motive of belief, and that they are so preposterous a race as to claim it as their supreme merit that they give an assent for which they have nothing to show. But from the beginnings of philosophy men have been found, and those not the least worthy to be heard, who have thought with Cicero¹ that the existence of a God is no less manifest to us than is that of the sun in the heavens. Such an attitude can scarcely be called parallel to that implied in Professor Huxley's illustration of the sort of thing which in the name of Agnosticism he declines to accept. "If a man asks me what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are, and I reply that I do not know; that neither I, nor any one else have any means of knowing; and that, under these circumstances, I decline to trouble myself about the subject at all, I do not think he has any right to call me a sceptic. On the contrary, in replying thus, I conceive that I am simply honest and truthful, and show a proper regard for the economy of time."² It is surely obvious that in such a statement of the case the only point which is at issue is totally ignored. While it is acknowledged on all hands that we have no means of knowing anything about the man in the moon, it is strenuously asserted that we have means of knowing the existence of God. Professor Huxley, it is true, and those who think with him, declare these means to be no means at all, and so obviously delusive that those who trust in them are intellectually dishonest. But it is equally true that the other side have likewise something to say. According to them, the Agnostic arbitrarily elects to throw away all the means we have of discovering truth, excepting one; and in resolving that nothing shall be true but what that one discloses, acts no more philosophically than he would do, were he to determine to admit the existence of nothing that he could not touch with his hands, and then declare his inability to know the existence of the stars.

It therefore appears that when Agnostics speak of themselves as, unlike the rest of men, in that they demand reasons

¹ *De natura deorum*, ii. 2.

² *Lay Sermons*, "On the Physical Basis of Life," p. 144.

before yielding assent, they mean in fact, that they alone know a good argument from a bad one, and insist on the genuine article. The one species of argument to which, outside of mathematics, they allow any validity is that furnished by physical science. Professor Huxley quotes with the highest approval the following utterance of Hume's: "If we take in hand any volume of divinity, or school metaphysics, let us ask, *Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number?* No. *Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence?* No. Commit it then to the flames; for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion." And he thus continues, in his own name: "Permit me to enforce this most wise advice. Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we know nothing and can know nothing."¹

It is therefore plain that the cardinal doctrine of Agnosticism, the principle upon which its whole system turns, is the impossibility of arriving at the knowledge of any truth, other than those purely mathematical, save by the means of experimental science, and that all which such science cannot reach is utterly beyond our ken. That this is a proposition somewhat different from the one originally offered to us, is evident; and now that we have arrived at a clear understanding of its nature it will be well to glance back at the account we have heard as to how the creed has won its way to the imposing position it now holds.

It is the advance of physical science, as we have been told, that has done it all: to it is due the irresistible artillery against which stupidity itself cannot stand: this it is that has driven false teachers from the open field, and forced them, as Hume declares and Professor Huxley quite agrees, to take to the bush, and lurk like robbers under the shade of forests, where they may lie in wait "to break in upon every unguarded avenue of the mind and overwhelm it with religious fears and prejudices."²

But here we begin to encounter perplexities. What physical science has done, is to increase our knowledge. By what process of reasoning does it appear that in so doing it has taught us that our knowledge is limited within bounds more narrow than was previously supposed? Because we can find out much by means of experiment, is it therefore proved that we can find out

¹ *Lay Sermons*, "The Physical Basis of Life," p. 145. The italics are his.

² *Hume*, *English Men of Letters*, p. 58.

nothing by any other means? And unless the advance of physical science scientifically proves this, how are the bolts forged to shatter the thick heads of opponents? Even were it assumed that science has come to the end of its possible discoveries, and shown us everything that by its means we shall ever know—what bearing can this have on the point in question? The implied argument is, that because science has not detected God in the world, there is no God to be found. But no one that has ever believed in God, supposed that He could be so discovered. Nay rather, if science had discovered Him, belief in Him would have ceased; for a God that could be found in a crucible or with a spectroscope would be no God at all.

It must therefore appear that the question is altogether untouched by the fact that physical science has extended its borders; being concerned not with what such science can do, but professedly with what it can not. The gulf which yawns between Agnostics and believers, is one not of disputed fact, but of principle; and the principle on which they differ was just as clear, as it now is, before any one of the triumphs of modern science had been achieved. Those who at any period found reasons for belief, would find precisely the same reasons existing in undiminished force—to say the least of it—now as then. Just as they are persuaded that there is another side to the moon, though human eye has never seen it, so are believers convinced that the objects presented to sense inevitably imply the existence of that which to the senses must ever be imperceptible.

It would undoubtedly be more satisfactory, if instead of assuming that the grounds for such a belief must be altogether worthless, Agnostics would undertake to prove them so. It would be interesting to observe how this is done. On their own principles it should be, either by abstract mathematical reasoning, or by reasoning based on practical experiment. Which is it to be? And if the attempt to find a proof be successful, will its efficacy be restricted to the discrediting of beliefs which they wish to see discredited? Are there none held by Agnostics in company with all the rest of the world, and held beyond the possibility of doubt, which would then appear to be utterly unreasonable? The argument attributed to the great Napoleon, is hard to meet. "You talk of my genius and firmly believe in it. But which of you has seen it?"

Has any of us the smallest doubt that Shakespeare had the mind of a poet, and Newton the acumen of a philosopher? Yet by what process of reasoning which Agnosticism sanctions can we have any knowledge whatever of the one or the other? Is the beauty of the *Iliad* less certain than the chemical constitution of water? Yet by which of the "ologies" is it disclosed? Nay, what of moral goodness? Oddly enough, in his very next sentence after that which endorses Hume's dictum, Professor Huxley continues: "We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it." But how is any such duty "plain"? Is it by mathematics, or by physical experience that it is demonstrated? Or is it that the first principle of Agnosticism serves well enough in theory, especially if not too clearly stated, as a weapon of offence, but in practice is so unworkable that Agnostics themselves do not think of using it, not even while it is upon their lips?

To this difficulty succeeds another. According to the Agnostic account of the matter, all belief in what they declare to be unknowable, is not merely actually erroneous, but intrinsically foolish, so foolish that it stamps those professing it as altogether unscientific. How comes it then that, not only in the benighted days of ancient philosophers and schoolmen, but amongst those upon whom beats the full light of science, those, moreover, to whom science is least a stranger, there should be found men who will persist in imagining that they can know what reason proves to be beyond the domain of knowledge? Sir Isaac Newton assuredly knew something about science, yet does not he declare that to treat of God, as a deduction from what we see, is a necessary part of Natural Philosophy.¹ Sir John Herschel is of like mind, so are, to confine ourselves to our own countrymen, Lord Kelvin, Professor Balfour Stewart, Professor Tait, Sir Gabriel Stokes, Sir William Siemens, Sir Joseph Dawson, Lord Rayleigh, Professor Faraday, and Professor Clerk-Maxwell, to mention no others. Are these men of skulls so thick as to be proof against the new artillery, and that though they stand close to the very mouths of its guns?

The Agnostic theory is therefore by no means so plain and

¹ Principia : Scholium generale.

simple a matter as at first sight we might be tempted to suppose. What then are we to say of Agnostic practice? Of this we have already seen a little—but much more remains to see, and to do so aright we must attempt to follow the path by which from its initial principle we are to be led to the fullest meed of knowledge attainable by man. For it must by no means be imagined that those who call themselves Agnostics mean that they are "Know-nothings." Quite the reverse. The ignorance to which they plead guilty concerning some things, is most abundantly compensated by assured knowledge, in comparison with which all other so-called knowledge must pale its ineffectual fires. All that is worth knowing in the universe is in fact to be known to us by the scientific method alone, and this is nothing else than the method of Agnosticism. "Natural knowledge," we are told,¹ "is a real mother of mankind; modern civilization rests upon physical science,"² in which the whole of modern thought is steeped, and which has forced its way into the works of "our best poets."³ The same science has discovered the ideas which alone can satisfy "spiritual cravings;"⁴ it has laid solid foundations for a new morality,⁵ and a new religion "cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions, by worship, 'for most part of the silent sort,' at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable."⁶ Moreover, while science thus conducts us to the most sublime philosophy of life, so can she alone guide us to sound the depths and mysteries in which the first beginnings of the universe lie hid.

The cause of Agnosticism has identified itself with that of Evolution, and in his character of Evolutionist the Agnostic is undoubtingly acquainted with much which to the ordinary unscientific mind appears quite as unknowable as anything which we have been warned not to fancy we can know. The Agnostic Evolutionist believes devoutly in the cosmic vapour from which all things in heaven and earth have come; in its molecular constitution in which they were all pre-ordained; and in those inevitable laws of Nature according to which they were worked out.⁷ As he believes nothing without a reason, he has, of course, a reason for all this, and a reason that will stand the test of his own principles; and in examining the process by

¹ Professor Huxley, *Lay Sermons*. "On improving Natural Knowledge," p. 10.

² *Id. Ibid.* p. 117. ³ *Ibid.* ⁴ *Ibid.* p. 11. ⁵ *Ibid.* ⁶ *Ibid.* p. 16.

⁷ Professor Huxley, On the reception of the "Origin of Species," *Life of Darwin*, vol. ii. p. 201.

which his system is built up, we shall have an excellent object-lesson wherefrom to gather instruction as to the scientific method of which we have heard so much.

It is undoubtedly a little startling to find that the first thing we have to do is to make an act of faith: of faith in that which, "by the very nature of the case, is not susceptible of proof." This "one act of faith in the convert to science," says Professor Huxley, "is the confession of the universality of order, and of the absolute validity, in all times and under all circumstances, of the law of causation."¹ "It is quite true," he tells us elsewhere,² "that the ground of every one of our actions, and the validity of all our reasonings, rest upon the great act of faith, which leads us to take the experience of the past as a safe guide in our dealings with the present and the future. From the nature of ratiocination it is obvious that the axioms on which it is based cannot be demonstrated by ratiocination." Lest, however, we should be shocked, in view of the principles to which we have just listened, by this announcement, he hastens to reassure us by the declaration, that if this act of faith be not experimentally proved, it is at any rate experimentally verified, and that this is much the same thing. "Such faith," he writes,³ "is not blind, but reasonable; because it is invariably confirmed by experience, and constitutes the sole trustworthy foundation for all action."

It is clear that, whatever may be their value for other purposes, these dicta afford abundant material for the exercise of our reasoning faculties. In the first place, is it plain what is to be the object of our great and fundamental act of belief? The "universality of order" and the "absolute validity of the law of causation," is scarcely the same thing as the "safe guidance afforded by our experience," yet these are severally presented as the object of the one and only act we have to make. Moreover, as any act of faith must needs deal with that which we have *not* experienced, it is scarcely obvious how our experience supports it. Experience, for instance, tells me that all the unsupported stones I have ever seen have fallen. What precise bearing has this fact, by itself, on my belief that other stones will fall? And what, by itself, has it to do with the law of causation? If, indeed, from the phenomenon of falling stones

¹ *Ibid.* p. 200.

² *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1889, p. 185.

³ Reception of "*Origin of Species*," *ubi sup.* p. 200.

I deduce the existence of a force making them fall, then indeed, from the permanence of such cause and its activity, I may be convinced that stones in the future will behave as in the past; just as I believe there will be trains on our railways to-morrow, not because there were trains yesterday, but because I believe in the existence of railway companies and engine-drivers. But this, apparently, is not the scientific mode of arguing. "What do we know," asks Professor Huxley, "about [this] phenomenon? Simply that, in all human experience, stones have fallen to the ground under these conditions; that we have not the smallest reason for believing that any stone so circumstanced will not fall to the ground; and that we have, on the contrary, every reason for believing that it will so fall. It is very convenient to indicate that all the conditions of belief have been fulfilled in this case, by calling the statement that unsupported stones will fall to the ground, 'a law of nature.' But when, as commonly happens, we change *will* into *must*, we introduce an idea of necessity which most assuredly does not lie in the observed facts, and has no warranty that I can discover elsewhere. For my part I utterly repudiate and anathematize the intruder. Fact I know, and law I know; but what is this necessity, save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing?"¹

It thus appears that, as the first step in our scientific regeneration, we are resolutely to accept the belief that things always proceed in one manner, though nothing compels them to do so; our reason for so believing being that we have every reason, though such reasons are of too delicate a nature to admit of being stated.

Meanwhile, as is clear, we have not gained any very clear information as to the place which the law of causation is to hold in our esteem. It must, however, be supposed, that the statement of its claims is latent in the utterances which we have heard; for, as a prelude to his exposition of the act of scientific faith, which we are considering, Professor Huxley indulges in some very hard words regarding those who have not made this act, expressly on the ground of their blindness to this very principle. "Do they really believe," he asks, "that any event has no cause, and could not have been predicted by any one who had a sufficient insight into the order of Nature? If they do, it is they who are the inheritors of antique superstition and

¹ *Lay Sermons*. "On the Physical Basis of Life," p. 143.

ignorance, and whose minds have never been illuminated by a ray of scientific thought."¹

We must therefore believe that the starting-point of our faith, if we would deserve the name of scientific thinkers, is this. We observe all operations of Nature proceeding from material cause to material effect, each cause being itself the effect of some other cause preceding it. For instance, the falling of a stone is not caused alone by the force of gravity; it is required that the stone should be in a position, whence it can fall; and that it should find itself in such position there must have been something to lift it; while again, that it should be raised to any point, it must first have been below it. Seeing the forces of Nature always and everywhere producing the same phenomena in like circumstances, we are to conclude, with absolute certainty, that they always have done so, and always will do so; that the key which alone can unlock the secrets of Nature is a full and frank acceptance of the principle, that there never has been any other process, or at least that we can know nothing at all of any other, and that we obey the dictates of reason in resting satisfied with this explanation of the history of the universe.

This, I say, seems to be the meaning—though I speak with some diffidence. But what then is the "Necessity," against admitting which we are so earnestly warned? If unsupported stones will inevitably fall, why is it so very wrong to say that they must do so? Yet, from the warmth exhibited by our instructor, it is clear that something of prime importance turns on this. Must it not be that the intruder whose appearance is so fiercely resented is a First Cause, arranging the machinery of the universe to go in the way He wishes and not otherwise? We are to say that the laws of Nature run in one groove, because as a matter of fact it is in that we see them run; but on no account are we to say that it was made for them to run in.

This is, I hope, a fair exposition of the system, and if it be so we have, as is obvious, ample materials provided for question and examination. At present, however, we are concerned not so much with the system itself as with the method in which it is worked by its votaries, and in which they deduce from it the far-reaching consequences of which we have heard.

Since all that we see in the phenomena of Nature proceeds from material cause to effect, we have to assume with them that

¹ Reception of "Origin of Species," *ubi sup.* p. 200.

this has ever been the course of things, and that in the assumption that it has been so we find the only solid and satisfactory groundwork for any belief concerning Nature; while "Nature," we are elsewhere told, "means nothing more nor less than that which is; the sum of phenomena presented to our experience; the totality of events past, present, and to come."¹ It follows therefore that this principle scientifically handled gives us to know all about everything.

We proceed accordingly in quest of some starting-point, whence these events which make up the universe began to evolve themselves. That there was a starting-point is admitted, for astronomy, we are told, "leads us to contemplate phenomena the very nature of which demonstrates that they must have had a beginning."² This beginning was the "cosmic vapour" or "primitive nebulosity," by the interaction of whose molecules, according to the laws of matter, everything in heaven and earth has been produced. That this is the case is the "fundamental proposition of Evolution,"³ and Evolution being the pet theory of Agnostics, shedding the only true light on the history of things, it would appear that we are supposed to have arrived in this proposition at something which affords a stable and solid basis whereon to build our edifice of knowledge. But what, meanwhile, of the principle of causation, and its absolute validity in all times and under all circumstances, to which we have been bidden to swear allegiance? Even if we do not feel inclined to follow the example that has been set us, by calling the cosmic vapour an "event," yet undoubtedly the coming of its molecules into position must be one: nay, so must the composition of those molecules themselves, for, as Sir John Herschel says, a molecule is a "manufactured article." What then was the cause of the vapour? It needs a cause as much as the steam in a boiler, or the gas in our pipes: or at any rate, if we say that it needed none we must flatly contradict the principle of causation, and begin the working of our system by denying its fundamental tenet. Yet, strange to say, not only is no information whatever forthcoming on this vital point, but it seems actually to be

¹ Professor Huxley, *Hume*, p. 131. It may be remarked in passing, that "that which is," can scarcely be synonymous with "events," and that according to the above definition it should follow that nothing exists but what comes within reach of human sense.

² Professor Huxley, *Lay Sermons*, p. 14.

³ Professor Huxley, *Life of Darwin*, ii. p. 201.

implied that none is needed,—because the time was so very long ago. “Phenomena,” says Professor Huxley, in the passage above quoted, “the very nature of which demonstrates that they must have had a beginning, . . . but the very nature of which also proves that the beginning was, to our conception of time, infinitely remote.” What “our conception of time” can have to do with the business is not obvious; yet it would really seem as if we are expected on this ground to dismiss as irrelevant all further inquiry; nay, we are asked to assent to the proposition that it is the astronomer himself, while he discovers the duration of the universe to be certainly finite, who at the same time discovers it to be “practically” infinite. “The astronomer,” we are told,¹ “has set before us . . . the practical eternity of the duration of the universe.” He “observes the mark of practically endless time set upon the arrangements of the solar system.”² In consequence “men have acquired the ideas of the practically infinite extent of the universe and its practical eternity.”³ Clearly, “practical” is a word to conjure with. But what does it mean? What is a “practical eternity”? and how does it differ from an eternity of any other species? In our survey of the past, either we come to a point where we have to bid good-bye to the principle of causation, or we do not. If we do, there is an end of the absolute and everlasting validity of that principle before there is a beginning of it. If we do not, how is the principle to be applied to the beginning of the universe, a beginning requiring a cause just as imperatively as any of the phases through which it has since passed?

In plain truth this wonderful principle, introduced with so much pomp and circumstance as the discovery of “Science,” is not only of hoary antiquity, but has actually been the very groundwork whereon philosophers, of the pre-scientific days, have ever rested their belief concerning what Agnostics dub the unknowable. Since reason and experience combine to assure us that there can be no effect without a cause, and since every cause we find in physical nature, is the effect of something else, it has ever been argued, that Nature cannot have started her own machinery; that there must be a Cause distinct from her, and independent of her laws; a Cause which is not an effect, but has its existence of itself, and which contains all the power exhibited by the forces of matter, which

¹ *Lay Sermons*, p. 15.² *Ibid.* p. 16.³ *Ibid.* p. 17.

can have obtained their efficacy from it alone. And if the researches of physical science have demonstrated that Nature as we know her must have had a beginning, they do no more than confirm what the benighted race of metaphysicians have always told us must have been.

Being thus speedily brought up by an impassable gulf in attempting to follow the workings of the Agnostic principle even on the physical side, it can scarcely be worth our while to attempt any examination of its claims to satisfy "spiritual cravings," and to provide us with a higher and purer morality, and a religion worthy of men. It would indeed be far from easy to pursue such an investigation; for beyond high-sounding assurances that it does all this, Agnosticism is provokingly reticent as to how it does it: while to the ordinary mind, that it should do so at all seems just as unlikely as that a steam-engine should write poetry. The one contention which seems to glimmer through the utterances we meet on the subject, is that a man must be improved by coming in contact with the facts of Nature, that, as Cardinal Newman puts it, he must be better for having inspected a palæotherium. But, in the first place, when we ask what is meant by "better," we are told of our "plain duty" to practise various moral virtues, the mere existence of which no "scientific" process can discover. And besides this, is it not a peculiar method of inducing men to cultivate virtues or anything else, to assure them that they were contained in the cosmic vapour, and can by no possibility be anything else than its constitution ordained them to be?

This then is the New Philosophy. This it is that shall set the world right. Against accepting this, stupidity alone is proof.

J. G.

A Double Miracle at Lourdes.

LUCIE AND CHARLOTTE RENAULD.¹

AT No. 16, Rue Mouffetard, Paris, in the centre of the district which gives its name to the street, lives the family of the Renaulds, consisting of father, mother, and nine children. They keep a laundry, and all the women of the neighbourhood come there to have their washing done. Renault, *père*, spends his nights in the wash-house, and rinses the linen between midnight and three in the morning. During the day-time Renault, *mère*, seated at her desk, keeps the accounts of her customers and prevents them from quarrelling over their work. Some of the young Renaulds go to school, others are employed in workshops and places of business. The Renaulds lead a rough life, but they are hard workers, they are well known in the neighbourhood and held in no small esteem.

A Lourdes miracle would seem out of place in such surroundings as these. Every moment is taken up with material needs and worldly occupations. It is useless to expect marks of tender piety or the constant practice of religion under such circumstances. The way to the workshop is to most more familiar than the road to the church.

But when such a thing as a miraculous cure has once happened among the dwellers in the Quartier Mouffetard it is sure to create a great sensation in a populous centre like this. The place is a huge ant-hill, a large family with no secrets and no mysteries, where everything goes on in the full light of day. If any one is ill all the neighbours know it at once, and sympathize with the sufferer in his fears of death and hopes of recovery. Sickly, querulous invalids would meet with no encouragement. The rough nurses ignore scientific theories, they use their common sense, go straight to the point, and take things as they find them.

¹ This account is from the French of Dr. Boissarie in the *Annales de Lourdes* of December last.

Every one knew that two of the Renault children were lame, both having one leg shorter than the other; on their return from Lourdes every one could see that their limbs were perfectly straight and well formed. The fact was evident and indisputable, and the women spread the news everywhere on their way home from the laundry, and all made their own remarks on the incident in accordance with their bent. The district can hardly be described as pious, and you are inclined to wonder how the fame of Lourdes has reached it. But the name of Lourdes is a very popular one, and besides that, the Renault children were taken under the protection of the national pilgrimage. The national pilgrimage recruits its members from various sources: hospitals, workshops, and from among people apparently most indifferent or even hostile. Thanks to this, there is no part of the country which has not heard of the cures at Lourdes, or which does not possess specimens of them in its midst.

Lucie Renault, the younger of the two children, took part in the national pilgrimage of 1891. She brought a medical certificate attesting that she "had been suffering from a muscular atrophy of the left leg, the result of paralysis during infancy." Her left leg was smaller and shorter than the other, and she could only walk by using a shoe with a heel an inch and a quarter high; even then she had to bend her right leg in order to be able to support herself at the same time on both feet.

After the fifth and last bath in the piscina on Monday, August 24, the two legs became equal in size and length, the young girl walked barefoot without any lameness. As soon as she put on her shoes, the high-heeled shoe made her limp, she had to be taken to the shoemakers and have the heel removed, after which she walked with perfect ease.

It was impossible to attribute the cure to any natural means, but before pronouncing judgment it was necessary to determine the exact nature of the malady. I showed the child to Dr. Bonnefin, at Paris, who agreed with me that it was due to infantile paralysis, and observed that a complete cure was an impossibility in such cases. I determined to make inquiry into the facts and find out all particulars.

During the course of the winter I paid a visit to the Renaults. No one was at home but the father, who received me rather coldly. "We are always having visits about that

child," he said, "and we cannot answer everybody. I don't know what was the matter with her." I saw that it was useless to insist, and went away. I met with a very different reception, however, in the workshop where the child was employed. The mistress was an intelligent woman and a good Catholic; she it was who had first suggested the pilgrimage and had made all the arrangements for the journey. She answered my questions most courteously, but she knew nothing of the nature of the disease. After a few more ineffectual attempts to gain information, I had to give it up. The doctor, who gave the certificate, had never seen the child till she was starting, and knew no more than I did; he had confined himself to attesting the shortness of the limb. We had to class the cure among those on which no certain and exact opinion could be formed.

I had put the matter on one side, and thought no more of the child, when on the 21st of last August a young girl of about eighteen years of age entered the office. Her name was Charlotte Renauld, and she brought me a certificate from Dr. Deleschamps, stating that she was suffering from "lameness, the result of paralysis of her lower limbs on the left side." It was Lucie Renauld's sister. Like her sister her right leg had been shorter than the left; like her sister she wore a high heel; like her sister she had seen her leg lengthen itself out in the water and she had come out of it without any sort of lameness or limp, and had been obliged at once to have the heel of her shoe removed and made perfectly level with the other.

It was a singular coincidence, and I confess I suspected a trick. The young girl replied to my questions with an air of embarrassment, and was in a hurry to leave the office. She did not seem in any way astonished at her cure, which she appeared to regard as a perfectly natural and ordinary occurrence. I did not understand it; it looked suspicious, and my colleagues shared my suspicions. No one had ever heard of a miracle, repeated in absolutely the same manner on two sisters at one year's interval, for the same infirmity. What was it that had caused the limbs to shrink? The doctors were puzzled to give a name to the malady: the whole thing was extraordinary, and the manner in which the family received these marvellous favours was equally surprising.

After the cure had been obtained they said nothing about it, and did not want visitors or inquiries. They seemed to look on

Lourdes as a sort of a surgery or hospital. In despair of finding out anything further I was just going to make my report on Charlotte Renauld's case, when I had the good fortune to come across Dr. Monnier, the surgeon attached to St. Joseph's Hospital.

"I have something important to tell you about Charlotte Renauld's case," he said. "I examined her carefully before she went to Lourdes and on her return. I measured both legs as to size and length. I was on the Commission for visiting the sick members of the pilgrimage, and I find that I have had the good fortune to come across a most interesting case."

Dr. Monnier is a surgeon at St. Joseph's Hospital for Children, and as he devotes himself specially to the study of the various forms of lameness, this case came within his special province. It was indeed a very exceptional one, and it is not surprising that the doctors who had attended the young girl were baffled. They had talked of infantile paralysis, but that develops at an early age, and in this instance the disease had not shown itself till the age of thirteen. Others thought it might be hip-disease or curvature of the spine, but they mistook the cause for the effect. It was the shortened leg which produced those ungainly movements and that awkward gait.

The real cause was quite different. Both these children had been in early youth attacked by a disease, which seemed primarily to affect the marrow and acted upon all the adjoining nerves, the nutrition of the leg being immediately interfered with, in consequence of which the leg ceased to grow and became thinner and shorter.

Why had this happened in the same way to both sisters? Because the disease was hereditary. We discovered that one of their uncles was similarly afflicted: he was discharged from the army on account of his lameness, and died at the age of thirty-five. A first cousin also suffered in the same way, and a younger brother of the girls was slightly lame.

Such cases are very rare, and are very interesting from a medical point of view. The notes of Dr. Monnier make this side of the question perfectly clear. We need no excuse for having misunderstood the significance of the two cures, for we had neither full particulars nor an exact knowledge of the subject.

Here is Dr. Monnier's certificate:

"Cure of atrophy in the right leg. When Charlotte Renauld was fourteen years of age she had a certain irregularity in her

way of walking; she began to limp and lean over on her right side. The first doctor who was consulted thought hip-disease was setting in, upon which her mother took her to the Furtado-Heine dispensary, directed by Dr. Rédard, a specialist for lameness. Dr. Rédard certified that the right leg was an inch and a quarter shorter than its fellow. He had a cork sole put inside the girl's shoe to remove the difference of length in the two legs, and in this way the due balance of the body was restored.

"I was first called upon to examine the young girl on July 12, 1892. She seemed to possess a fairly strong constitution. I made her lie down, and perceived that there was a difference of an inch and a quarter between the two limbs. Besides this, the right calf was three-quarters of an inch smaller than the left, whilst, curiously enough, the right thigh was half an inch larger. No other part was affected: there was no disease of the hip or congenital dislocation.

"A further examination on October 28, 1892, gave the following results:

1. "All trace of abnormal shortness has disappeared. The right leg even seems to be an eighth of an inch longer than the other.
2. "The right calf is only half an inch smaller than the left.
3. "Finally, the right thigh is only a quarter of an inch larger than the left.

"To ascertain the child's height we made her lie down, placing on exactly the same level her spine and hip as they were before and after the cure. When she stands up, her body is now perfectly upright, hips and shoulders being on exactly the same level. I must add that the young girl had grown an inch or an inch and a half between July 12 and October 28.

"To sum up, Charlotte Renault's right leg has gained in length without any trace of the presence of any disease, about an inch and a quarter, in excess of the normal growth of the other leg, an absolutely unparalleled fact.

"DR. MONNIER,

"Surgeon of St. Joseph's Hospital.

"Paris, October 28, 1892."

Thus Dr. Monnier examined the girl on July 12 and found that the right leg was one and a half inches shorter than the

left. He examined her again on October 29, and he certifies that the two legs are of the same length.

Is it possible to account for the fact that a leg should regain, even in the space of three months, what had been lost during an illness of three or four years' duration? Can we prove that the lengthening of her leg took place instantaneously in the bath at Lourdes? Can we at least determine the exact moment when it occurred?

I saw the young girl on August 21, after she had bathed in the piscina; I examined her with the assistance of fifteen or twenty other medical men, and I certified that both legs were of an equal length, there being no trace of lameness. The 21st of August must therefore be regarded as the date of her cure. Dr. Monnier's examination on October 28 only confirmed our report. Is it not possible, however, that the child was cured by a gradual process between July 12 and August 21?

Madame Nivert, the wife of Dr. Nivert, of Paris, entered the name of the young girl on the sick list of the pilgrims, and accompanied her to Lourdes. On her arrival she brought her to my office, and later on gave me the most minute details regarding the cure and the exact moment of its occurrence.

The nurse of St. Dominic's ward in the hospital where Charlotte Renauld stayed made a similar report to me. Finally, the ladies in charge of the piscina stated that on Sunday, August 21, Charlotte felt a severe pain in her leg and perceived whilst she was in the water that both her legs were of an equal length. She could no longer wear the right shoe with its artificial heel, so they gave her some sandals, which she put on to go and pray at the Grotto. Thus she came to the bath with her invalid shoe, and could not put it on when she left the bath. There are a number of witnesses as to what took place in the interval between the two dates. We must remember too that a girl of eighteen would be more inclined to conceal lameness than to feign it, and if the cure had been wrought gradually she would have noticed it, and have been obliged to alter her shoe.

But a gradual improvement which would have enabled her to gain between July 12 and August 23 the one and a half inches wanting to the limb is absolutely impossible. It is quite impossible that so great a change could have taken place gradually in so short a space of time. In any case, if the affected limb had become an inch and a quarter longer, its

fellow would have grown in the same proportion, and there would always have been the same difference between them. For if an atrophied limb, the nutrition of which ceases, once becomes smaller and shorter, it will never be able to regain what it has lost, even if it recovers its vitality. To make up the difference it would have been necessary that the right leg should have grown one and three-quarter inches during these forty-six days, while the left only gained one-eighth of an inch, and as a process of abnormal growth cannot be stopped like a clock, that leg would have become longer in the end, which never happens in such cases.

Let us put aside mere supposition. It is well known that this shortening of a limb, connected with a disease in the nervous limbs, which is hereditary in some families, can never be cured : atrophy may cease, but the limb never recovers. The young girl gained three-quarters of an inch in height in those forty days : how can we admit that the diseased limb alone grew an inch and a quarter ? It would be contrary to all natural laws. Has such an irregularity ever been known in the growth of our limbs or various tissues ? We are obliged to discuss these unlikely hypotheses in order to show the folly of such an idea ; but for any one who investigates the case, there is abundant positive proof that Charlotte Renauld, like her sister, was instantaneously cured on the 21st of August.

Such an occurrence is as marvellous as the instantaneous cure of an external wound, and these two examples are among the most remarkable facts that have been observed at Lourdes ; there are few things more surprising than to see a limb grow an inch and a quarter in a few seconds. Even if the testimony to the instantaneous character of the cure were unreliable, a similar growth in thirty-nine days would still be an abnormal phenomenon, and whatever supposition we adopt, we are confronted with a fact we cannot possibly explain. No one can suspect the Renaulds of feigning a miracle or indulging in religious sentimentality. Charlotte has gone back to her work and usual occupations, and is more anxious to escape than attract the curiosity of which she is the object.

At the same time Lourdes is not simply like an ordinary hospital, and the medical aspect of events coming under our notice is not the only one that concerns us. Greater interest is attached to the study of the soul, the discovery of its hidden

virtues and its unknown sacrifices. In the present instance, however, nothing seemed to justify the bestowal of exceptional favours, and my doubts returned.

I sent several people to make inquiries, but in vain; the family kept out of the way. The eye of God doubtless pierces the depths of the soul which we cannot fathom, but on the surface at any rate everything seemed in this case opposed to the action of grace. Yet a most wonderful grace had been granted to this family at the very time that they asked for it. In two successive years two of its members had been miraculously cured of an incurable malady. The mystery required some explanation.

What lessons should we not learn from Lourdes, even if we limited them to a surgical description of bodily ills that had disappeared there! But if the disease of these two children and its cure is an interesting study for a doctor, the inner life of the family had a number of surprises in store for us. We were not destined to find any marks of tender piety or those unceasing prayers which do violence to Heaven. All the religious efforts of the family were confined to action, and to the struggle for the maintenance of their faith. All the energy and force displayed in these busy centres for the preservation of material life had been spent by the mother of the family in securing the life of her own soul and the souls of her children.

Just as the working classes bring powers of endurance, unknown to the higher classes, to bear on the struggle for existence, so they display in the preservation of their faith, under a rough exterior, a perseverance in the constant practice of their religion under difficulties, which overcomes all obstacles. A remarkable instance of this is given by Madame Renauld, the guardian angel and blessing of her home.

She brought me her daughter, Charlotte, on the 20th of last November, at the house of the Fathers of the Assumption in Rue Francois 1^{er}. When she had told me about the sickness and cure of the two children she went on: "Lucie, the younger of the two, has been placed in a training-school under the care of the Sisters of Charity, where she will stay till she is twenty-one. Charlotte has come home, she does sewing and takes her share in the housekeeping."

"You must have been very happy at receiving this signal favour," I said. "Can you tell us what earned it for you?"

Madame Renauld did not seem to hear my question, and made no answer. The head nurse of St. Dominic's ward was present. She had taken care of the child during the pilgrimage, and she now reminded the mother of all the events during those three days and which would never be forgotten; of her child's return from the piscina active and bright and in perfect health, with her new sandals, and her leg restored to its proper length. The mother listened with perceptible emotion. In that moment her past life doubtless passed before her, and she understood those efforts of hers that had merited this exceptional favour. She could no longer contain the pent-up emotions of her soul, the secret of her efforts and sufferings, and she commenced the following history, to which we listened with religious attention.

"I have had twelve children," said Madame Renauld, "I have nine left. The boys have been brought up by the Brothers; they have been better instructed than I was in my day.

"My mother was an absolute sceptic, she placed my sister and myself in a board-school. We went to Mass on Sundays, but it was an understood thing that after we had made our First Communion we were not to go any more and were to give up all religious practices. We should have liked to put off our First Communion, so painful was the thought of not being able to go to church. Our father, who was a Belgian, had something left of the faith in which he was brought up, he taught us our prayers. I had been well prepared for my First Communion, and made it with great devotion. It was a great day, and I have never forgotten it.

"Our mother kept a small wine-shop. She went to bed at one in the morning and got up at six. We had to do as she did, and on Sundays we used to go to the half-past five o'clock Mass at the chapel of the German Jesuits. We often did not go to sleep at all for fear of being late. We had to go to Confession during Mass, and we went home happy when we got through all our duties. My sister and I prayed for ten years for our mother's conversion, and we had the happiness of obtaining it.

"Until I was twenty I belonged to the Confraternity under the care of the Sisters at Clignancourt. I was still there when I was engaged to be married. My confessor asked me about the religious convictions of my future husband. 'I do not think he practises his religion,' I said. 'Ask him at all events if he will let you go to Mass.'

"When I asked the question my husband answered roughly : 'You are very pious then? You don't want to go every day, I suppose. You can go on Sundays.' On this promise I gave my consent. After I had been married a few months my husband said : 'You will have to stop going to Mass, you have been going long enough.' 'You promised me I might go,' said I, 'you cannot take back your word.' I remained firm, but I had to begin my early rising again and had to get up before six to go. However, my husband gave up the point when he saw that I was determined, and later on he used to wake me himself when I was late.

"My father and mother-in-law were sceptics. They never let their children make their First Communion. My husband, however, went to Mass while he was in the army. That was a good time," said Madame Renauld. "But he never set foot in a church after he had left the service.

"Nowadays we say family prayers in common, and the father sometimes teaches the children. We close the laundry at twelve on Sundays, and hope to do better still. We have a son-in-law, Eugène Clément, who has been in the Nazareth orphanage. He was cured of heart-disease at Lourdes four years ago."

Everything in this woman's life had been the result of personal effort. Even as a child she had to fight for her faith and the practice of her religion. Fresh difficulties came with marriage, but there was a fire in her heart which nothing can extinguish and which throws a light on all around her hearth.

Can we, who have been nourished and cradled on the arms of the Catholic faith, and have found the way straight and easy, realize at their full value this woman's merits in God's sight? God, the just Dispenser of gifts, has seen her hidden virtue. Upon her nine children, subject as they are to the hard necessity of daily toil, yet in spite of all difficulties faithful to His law, He showers graces, interior and hidden graces, exterior and visible favours, including two miraculous cures at Lourdes in two successive years.

I have heard the histories of many cures, but none have touched me as this woman's story has done. She had never told it to any one. She wished to keep it secret, and therefore sought to evade all inquiry ; but in recalling the remembrance of her daughter's cure we had touched the most sensitive strings of the mother's heart and unlocked its secrets.

Her whole life has been a magnificent apostolate. Brought up by an unbelieving mother, placed in a godless school, she acquired her first religious impressions from the catechism lessons of her parish priest. These lessons were never to be effaced and were to bear the richest fruit. The light, at first barely distinguishable, was to lead her to the greatest heights. She curtailed her sleep to assist at Mass, she kept herself safe in a confraternity during her youth. After ten years of prayer she gained her mother's conversion. New difficulties came with marriage. As daughter, wife, mother, she had to fight and endure. She had never known the consolations of religion, but her soul has been singularly fortified by trial; in her countenance, accent, speech there is a force, a roughness even, denoting no common cast of character.

Having made a good First Communion and received some lessons in the catechism, this woman goes through life with no human help, in the midst of innumerable obstacles that increase and accumulate; with her action takes the place of prayer. Nothing stops her. Without any bitter strife and yielding to circumstances, but yet never overcome by evil, with untiring perseverance she attains her end, and draws down upon her family blessings from Heaven.

We must bow in reverence before such great examples as this; their teaching is invaluable. They show us that devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes is not the privilege of a few chosen souls, but a most popular and widespread devotion. It penetrates into our great cities, into the manufacturing towns, into quarters the most inaccessible, just as it finds its way to the centre of Africa and the savages of Oceania. It adapts itself wonderfully to all countries as it adapts itself to the individual needs of each of us, and by its means God is graciously pleased to show forth the marvels of His mercy to us at the present time.

The Annunciation.

THAN the lilies adown her garden
She bowed a head more meek,
Who never through need of pardon
Had felt the flame in her cheek—
Than the rose pleasaunce, where vary
All tints and scents, more sweet—
“Rosa Mystica,” Mary
Who knelt at the Angel’s feet.

The birds in the blossomed alleys
Their merriest pipings stayed ;
On the brink of the lily’s chalice
The butterfly wings delayed ;
And the bees forgot to carry
Their treasure away complete,
Waiting for the word of Mary
Who knelt at the Angel’s feet.

Did not celestial legions
Hush, at its height, their hymn
To catch through their listening regions
Her “Yea” ? and the Seraphim
In the midst of their raptures tarry
To rise from their thrones and greet
The Queen of the heavens, Mary
Who knelt at the Angel’s feet ?

M. PROBYN.

A Lord Mayor of the Olden Time.

ONCE more after an interval of more than three centuries, the City of London has for its Lord Mayor a Catholic citizen, one too whose loyalty to his faith has won for him universal respect. This happy event turns our thoughts to the olden time, when all England was united by the ties of a common faith, and the Babel of contending sects had not yet raised its discordant voice in the island of saints. And among the worthy London citizens who occupied the civic throne there is none more known to popular fame in the present day, and none that more deserves the grateful memory of Catholic Englishmen, than Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London.

On a memorable day in the year 1420 the City of London held solemn pageant and high festival to welcome King Henry V., who had safely returned from the wars in France, after many battles won, including the great victory of Agincourt. He brought with him a fair bride, Katherine, daughter of the French King, and now with her he was coming to London to be present at a solemn *Te Deum* at St. Paul's. The City was aglow with colour, the houses decked with scarlet cloth, the people picturesque in brightest "bravery," the horses and their riders apparelled gorgeously, music was heard at every corner, and bells clashed and pealed from steeples and towers innumerable. At the foot of London Bridge stood an armed image of St. George, wearing a crown studded with gems and precious stones. A red cross behind him glittered on a multitude of shields, and he held a scroll with the inscription, *Soli Deo honor et gloria*. Boys' voices accompanied by organ notes sang joyously, "Our King went forth to Normandy," the refrain being, *Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria*. The clergy of the City "in solemn procession, with rich crosses, sumptuous copes, and massive censers," received the King at St. Thomas of Waterings to accompany him to St. Paul's. This was indeed

the London of which in his boyhood down in Gloucestershire Dick Whittington had dreamed.

For now, the chime and rhythm of Bow bells had become a reality, and Richard Whittington was for the third time Lord Mayor.¹ To-day he and his aldermen in magnificent array were to meet the King and Queen at Blackheath, and attend them to the Cathedral, entertaining their Majesties afterwards



WHITTINGTON'S HOUSE, HART LANE, CRUTCHED FRIARS.

splendidly at the Guildhall. So runs the old story, though others say that this great feast at which Whittington received the honour of knighthood, was held at his own house in Hart Lane, or in St. Michael's parish, Paternoster Royal, where the Whittington College was afterwards founded.

To carry on the war in France, the King had been obliged to contract many debts, for which he had given his royal bonds.

¹ For the fourth time, indeed, it has been declared by some, but these writers probably reckoned the time when he was appointed by Richard II. to fill up the vacancy caused by the death of Adam Beaunne, as one of his mayoralties.

These bonds Whittington had bought up to the amount of sixty thousand pounds (equal in purchasing power to nearly a million and a quarter of our money), and during this entertainment, while the King was standing by a blazing fire which had been made in the room, in which were burning several sorts of precious woods, mixed with cinnamon and other spices, Whittington took out the King's bonds, threw them into the fire and burnt them, thus, at his own expense, freeing the King from all his debts. Those present were amazed at such a proceeding, and the King exclaimed, "Never had Prince such a subject," to which Whittington courteously replied, "Never had subject such a Prince."

Whittington, from the penniless scion of a gentle but impoverished family, had become a millionaire, the typical Lord Mayor, and the model merchant of London. "If," says Walter Besant, in his *London*, published 1892, "we suppose a single man to be the owner of the Cunard line of steamers on his own venture, and for his own profit, we may understand something of Whittington's position in the City. The story of the cat is persistently attached to his name, it begins immediately after his death, it was figured in the buildings which his executors erected, it formed part of the decorations of the family mansion at Gloucester. It is therefore impossible to avoid the conclusion that he did, himself, associate the sale of a cat, then a creature of some value and rarity, with the foundation of his fortunes."

Divested of its nursery and popular garb, the origin and history of Richard Whittington are as follows. He was the younger son of Sir William Whittington, Knight, a country gentleman of Pauntley, in Gloucestershire, who was outlawed for some offence against the law. The Whittingtons were people of position, living on their own estate, though its value was small, probably not much more than "a knight's fee," or £20 per annum. As it passed to William Whittington, the eldest son, and failing his issue, to Robert the second son, Richard the youngest must sally forth to seek his own fortune in the world. In those days, there were few professions for the junior branches of noble and gentle families. There were few Government offices, few lawyers' clerks, no situations under the Post Office, which was not introduced into England till 1581, few custom-house offices, for though customs were collected, the first custom-house in London was only established in 1559, and there was neither standing army or navy. The soldier's life was one of great fatigue

and hardship; he generally followed some noble master or knight who engaged to serve his sovereign for certain wars, and whose followers were disbanded again as soon as their services could be dispensed with. The profession of physician was almost unknown; surgery, combined with the trade of a gossiping barber, was limited almost to shaving and bleeding. Bankers there were none. The clergy naturally absorbed every post in which any literary knowledge was concerned, they being the only scholars. Trade was the sole resource for the younger members of the higher families, unless the son of a gentle house should happen to possess certain graces of form and feature which should recommend him as page to a lady of some noble or royal house, or unless he should become "henchman," or companion to the heir of a great family, as were many of the sons of the principal gentry.

Trade was the resource of most of the junior branches of good families, and was consequently regarded with much consideration till about the reign of George II., when class distinctions seem to have become sharper, and lines of demarcation between professions and the various trades were more finely drawn. Shop-keeping then came into contempt. At the time of Whittington, most 'prentice lads were gentlemen, some of whom made their way to wealth and success, while others continued always poor, according to their industry, and to their good or their evil fortune. The case of Sir John Sevenoake, a contemporary of Whittington, who, not being of gentle birth, yet rose to be Lord Mayor, is singular, and indeed almost unprecedented at that period.

The exact year of the birth of Richard Whittington is uncertain, but it was most likely between 1345 and 1350. When quite a lad he went to London, being in all probability sent thither to a rich merchant, William Fitzwarren, a family connection, whose daughter Alice he afterwards married. To London he probably went on foot, as say the story-books, availing himself of a lift upon one of the pack-horses which travelled in companies along the great highways of those days, and perhaps for many a mile perched up among the bales of cloth, of wool, and of spices. There were no coaches in those days, nor till nearly two centuries afterwards. There were no roads deserving the name at that time, nor anything but mere tracks across the country, through which pack-horses, carrying merchandize, floundered up to their knees in mud, from the

frequent use of the tracks without adequate repair. When the gentry or ladies travelled, they did so on horseback, while invalids were carried in litters.

In the age when Whittington lived men had not in some departments the same advantages which the Britons enjoyed under the rule of the Romans in this country. Gibbon tells us that they had post-horses and posting-houses at suitable distances throughout their extensive dominions. When the Romans quitted Britain desolation followed, and even the knowledge of some arts which had been cultivated to a considerable extent by the Druids, died out. Learning was almost entirely confined to the priests and monks; educated laymen were few and far between, so that even kings and nobles could do little more than sign their name, while one King, Henry I., who had advanced in learning a little beyond his predecessors, was on that account called Beauclerc, or the "fine scholar."

At the time of Whittington, distinct signs of gradual progress were beginning to show themselves, but the progress was but slow. It was not until the reign of Henry IV. that "villeins," *i.e.*, mechanics and labourers, were permitted by law to send their children to school, and long after that they dared not educate a son for the Church without a license from their lord. It is not improbable that Whittington himself, who had the highest appreciation for learning, may have been instrumental in getting the law passed which took off the restrictions upon education.

The nursery story says that the young Whittington fancied that the streets of London were paved with gold. The fact was that they were hardly at that period paved at all. Even in Mr. Pepys' day, more than two centuries later, carriages had great difficulty in moving through the streets, and could not do so without danger to vehicles, which were of much ruder and stronger build than those of our day. Still, the fancy was a foreshadowing of that which came to pass, for the path to riches lay for Whittington through the streets of the metropolis. The journey from Pauntley to London must have occupied fully four days. When roads first became fit for wheels, it took a week or ten days for a coach to go from York to London. The inns were such that travellers often brought their own meat and got it cooked at the inn, and as to accommodation for the night, none except the highest nobility disdained to sleep two or three in a bed. The celebrated bed at the inn at Ware, in

Hertfordshire, existing at that time, was twelve feet square, and would accommodate a goodly number of bedfellows. The dangers too from robbers were such as we cannot imagine. Persons of high rank did not disdain to become freebooters and brigands. And here may be mentioned a singular occurrence as illustrative of the manners and habits of the age in which Richard Whittington lived. It so happened that his brother Robert and his nephew Guy were riding on horseback in the neighbourhood of the city of Hereford, when eight servants of a certain Richard Oldcastle, Esq., with other miscreants to the number of thirty, seized and carried them off to a hill called Dynmore Hill, and after robbing them of their horses and property, kept them all night in a deserted chapel, and threatened them with death or to be carried off into Wales. At last Guy was liberated to procure a ransom, on condition that he returned the following day, and meanwhile his father was led by these robbers from wood to wood to a certain mill, where on Guy's return they were both imprisoned until they promised to pay the robbers £600 upon their release, and to enter into a bond to forego all actions "*from the creation of the world down to the feast of All Saints, then next ensuing.*" In consequence of this incident Robert Whittington supplicates the King, through Parliament, to declare such bonds and covenants null and void, and to take legal proceedings against these miscreants. His application remains in the Parliamentary Rolls.

Richard's journey being over, hard work lay before him, and grievous disappointment at first awaited him, for his vivid imagination had conjured up an ideal and beautiful London composed of "such stuff as dreams are made of." The story-book sets forth that on his arrival in London, he was obliged to take a servant's place; this may be true, because every junior in a house of trade was then but a sort of menial. The poor boy shrank from the hard and ugly facts with which his new life teemed, and grew so sick at heart that at last he resolved to run away. Sitting down wearied and discouraged at the first milestone out of London, the sound of the Bow bells fell upon his listless ear, when suddenly the chime took voice and meaning to his fancy, and kept singing and saying with no uncertain sound, as seemed to him, the words :

Turn again Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.

Gladdened and encouraged by the cheery bells, our young hero took heart and went back again to Mr. Fitzwarren's house and office. A stone continued to mark the spot for many centuries, to which tradition points as Whittington's stone. It has been objected that this stone could not have been erected in commemoration of this episode, because it was the basement plinth of an ancient village cross. The idea is none the less probable if we think of the poor boy sitting down sadly under the shelter of the cross, before which he had perhaps knelt to say a prayer. Perchance his angel guardian whispered in his ear the words which set themselves to the chiming of Bow bells.

Of the bells that rang in his ear there was one of singular beauty and richness of tone, which rang the curfew. We find one, John Dunne, mercer and parishioner, leaving, in 1499, two houses in Bow Lane for the maintaining of Bow bell. Stowe, in his *Survey of London*, tells us that the curfew, the signal to leave off work, was sometimes rung too late to please the 'prentices of Chepe, *i.e.*, Cheapside. And these young men set up a rhyme against the clerke, as followeth :

Clerke of the Bow bell, with the yellow locks,
For thy late ringing, thy head shall have knocks.

Whereto the clerke replying, wrote :

Children of Chepe, hold you all still,
For you shall have the Bow bell rung at your will.

The truant Richard, having returned to his post, seems to have brought back with him a steady determination to keep to his business and to work hard, in spite of difficulties. The trade which he entered appears to have been that of mercer, and what that was, in his day, we learn from the *Introduction to the Chronique de London*, published by the Camden Society. "The mercers as a metropolitan guild may be traced back to A.D. 1172 ; it was not till the fifteenth century that they took their station among the merchants, and from being mere retailers became the first City company. Towards the close of the fourteenth century the mercers monopolized the silk trade, woollen stuffs having prior to that period constituted their staple business, and up to which time they had only been partially incorporated."

Thus we discover that in Whittington's younger days the mercers were mere retail dealers. "Mercery," says one writer

on this subject,¹ "was originally pedlary or haberdashery, and it was not until the reign of Henry VI. that they dealt largely in silks and velvets, and turned over their previous trade to the haberdashers." Later on, when he had become a successful merchant, Whittington appears to have dealt in wool, and in costly dresses made from that, and from other materials, for the nobility and royalty of the land.

It was Whittington who supplied the marriage outfit of the Princess Blanche, King Henry IV.'s eldest daughter; and also the wedding dresses, pearls, and cloth of gold, for the marriage of the King's daughter Philippa, widow of the King of Sweden and Norway. By whatever circumstance Whittington obtained his first start and made his first successful step in business, it is certain that he was a man of unusual capacity, great industry, high integrity, and when he became rich, of large-hearted generosity and true, wise, and enlightened charity; an earnest patron of learning, moreover, and a pious benefactor of the Church.

We have already mentioned Whittington's cat, that inseparable factor in the popular tale. This cat seems to have laid the foundation of his fortunes. The ancient and generally received tradition that pictures Whittington as invariably accompanied by his cat, can scarcely be a mere invention. Cats were in those days rare and precious, and it is not at all unlikely that the shrewd young trader sold his cat for a large sum on the coast of Africa. And the fact that in statues and portraits of Whittington that are almost contemporary, he is invariably accompanied by his cat, shows that his feline friend played no unimportant part in the building up of his fortunes.

Whittington, it may be observed, in passing, is not the only person reported to have sold a cat for a large price. Several such instances exist. The price said to have been paid by Don Diego Almagro (the companion of Pizarro in 1535) to Montenegro, for the first Spanish cat that was taken to Chili, viz., "six hundred pieces of eight," is related as a matter of certainty by Alonzo de Otalle, a native of that country. Whittington's cat is said to have been sold in Barbary, whose vicinity to Egypt, where in the past, cats were considered objects of worship, adds to the probability of the story that it

¹ *History of the Twelve Companies of London.* By W. Herbert, Librarian to the Corporation, 1837.

was purchased for a bag of gold by the prince of the port to which the captain of his master's ship had made his way. Monsieur Barbot, who visited the coast of Guinea in 1680, speaks of the great value attached there to cats. At that date cats were rare, and rats and mice were intolerably ravenous, and attacked even human beings.

In 1859, Mr. Lysons, of Hempsted, Gloucestershire, who was deeply interested in all kinds of antiquarian research, especially in his own county, gave a lecture in Gloucester, on Whittington. The story of the cat, which he insisted on accepting literally, regarding the authority for it as sufficient, roused much discussion, and some incredulous animadversion, when a curious circumstance happened to confirm his view. Some workmen engaged in taking down an old building in Gloucester, known as the Whittington House, came upon a roughly-hewn stone statuette of a boy and a cat, evidently of old workmanship. This was regarded as such complete confirmation of the statement, and of the belief in the actual cat by Whittington's own family and immediate successors, that it was presented to the lecturer, and was left by him to the Guildhall Museum, where it may still be seen.

A portrait of Richard Whittington, engraved by Reginald Elstrack, who flourished in 1590, which professes to be a *vera effigies* of that most illustrious gentleman, Richard Whittington, Knight, represents him in his robes as Lord Mayor, with a collar of S.S. (*Sti. Spiritus*), and his hand resting on a cat.¹

The evidences as to the probability of the story of "the venture of a cat," as the foundation of his fortunes, may be briefly summed up as follows: (1) There is the ancient and generally received tradition; (2) the scarcity and value of cats at that period, especially in some lands, is an undoubted fact; (3) his was not a solitary instance of a fortune made by such means; (4) the ancient portraits and statues of Whittington represent him with a cat, and some of them may be reasonably traced up to the time of his own executors.

We do not find the date of Whittington's first setting up for himself in business, but he was a member of the Mercers' Company in 1392, in which year he was elected both Alderman and Sheriff of the City, and had five youths bound apprentice to him. And here we find one of the first instances of his patriotism, and obedience to law. An enactment had been

¹ *Vide* next page.

made to prevent the admission of foreign apprentices into the English guilds, as there had been an attempt on the part of foreigners to usurp all the trade of this country, and stringent regulations were required to put a stop to it. Previous wardens



The true portraicture of RICHARD WHITTINGTON, thirde Lord Mayor of London, a veruous and golly man, full of good Works (and thow famous). he builded the Gate of London, called Newgate, which before was a miserable downgoon. He builded Whittington Colledge, he made it an Almshouse for poore people. Also he builded a greate parte of y^e hospitall of S. Bartholomewes in Westemithfield in London. He also builded the beautifull Library at y^e Gray Friars in London, called Christie's Hospitall. Also he builded the Guilde Halle Chappell, and increased a greate parte of the East end of the said hall, beside many other good workes.

had been fined for taking bribes to admit foreigners. Whittington strenuously resisted all overtures of the sort. His apprentices were all English, and it is almost certain that they must have been of gentle birth, for an enactment was repeatedly promulgated, even so late as 11th Richard II. (1388), that no

serf should under any circumstances whatsoever be admitted to the freedom of the City.

In 1397 a writ was issued from the King, Richard II., appointing Richard Whittington Mayor and "escheator," in place of Adam Baunne, who had "gone the waye of all flesh." Whittington was elected Mayor the year following, and was again elected to that office, October 13, 1406, 8th Henry IV. Ten years afterwards, viz., in 1416, Whittington was elected member of Parliament for the City of London, and he was again elected Mayor, October 13, 1419, 7th Henry V.

A MS. memoir of Whittington, in the possession of the Mercers' Company, says, "The company attended the cavalcade of Whittington, chosen Mayor for the *fourth* time, with eight new banners, eight trumpets, four pipes, seven nakerers,¹ and furnished eight minstrels for the cavalcade of J. Butler, chosen Sheriff." Notwithstanding this, it is probable that Whittington was Lord Mayor but three times, his tenure of the vacant office having been inserted to make up his four mayoralties. In the *Tablet of Memory*, it is said that Whittington was either the first, or one of the first who was called *Lord Mayor*.

The last attendances of Whittington at City meetings were in September and October, 1422, at the election of the Sheriffs and Lord Mayor. The following spring brought him to his grave. But before we touch upon this, let us look at some of those acts by which he has gained a right to a high place in his country's annals and esteem, a place far beyond that to which his mere acquisition of wealth would have entitled him.

Whittington was unquestionably, in many ways, a man of enlightenment far in advance of his age. The first instance of this appears in the fact mentioned by the venerable historian Stowe, who says that "there was a water conduit east of the church (St. Giles, Cripplegate) which came from Highbury," and that Whittington the Mayor caused a "bosse" or tap of water to be made in the church wall. On the bank of the town ditch, he adds, was a spring arched over with stone by Whittington.

¹ The nakerer or *nacaire* was an instrument of music, often mentioned by old poets both of France and England. Yet it is not certain whether it was a sort of drum or a wind instrument. In the *Roman d'Alexandre*, it is said: "Chascun a porté trompe ou vielle, atemprée. *Nacaires* et tubors de grande rénommée." Du Cange describes *Nacara* to be a kind of brazen drum used in cavalry, yet Chaucer names it in company with wind instruments: "Pipes, tromps, *nakères*, and clariounes, That in the bataille blowne bloody sounes."

Thus drinking-fountains for the people are not quite a modern idea.

But it was not only water which this noble-minded man gave freely to the poor, he was an advocate of their rights in other matters. We learn from the Cotton MSS. in the British Museum, that "one of the last acts of his life was his active prosecution of the London brewers for forestalling meat and selling dear ale, for which interference with their proceedings the brewers were very wrath." From this, one is led to suppose that the brewers had monopolized the sale of meat as well as of beer. Whittington, as the poor man's champion, not only procures for him fresh and wholesome water, but insists that he shall have cheap and wholesome meat and beer as well. Further, he began during his lifetime to rebuild the prison of Newgate, the City having become alarmed at the pestilence likely to arise from the overcrowding of prisoners, which good work was completed after his death by his executors in accordance with his will.¹ In 1421, Whittington began the foundation of the Library of the Grey Friars' Monastery in Newgate Street. This noble building was one hundred and twenty-nine feet long, thirty-one feet in breadth, entirely ceiled with wainscot, with twenty-eight wainscot desks and eight double setters. The cost of furnishing it with books was £556 10s. (equal to £5000 of our money), £400 of which was contributed by Whittington himself, Dr. Thomas Winchelsey, a friar, supplying the rest, and, as this was about thirty years before the invention of printing, books were rare and expensive.

In the extremely interesting *Memoir of the Life and Times of John Carpenter*, by Mr. Brewer, there is given a list of books belonging to this close friend of Richard Whittington, afterwards one of his executors, Rector of the Church of St. Mary Magdalen and the Town Clerk of London, compiler, it is supposed, of the celebrated *Liber Albus*, so called from its having originally had a white vellum binding, in which were entered, "Laudable customs not written, wont to be observed in the City, and other notable things here and there scattered." This curious catalogue gives us a clue to the style of literature with which Whittington probably furnished his library. It is worthy of special note, that one book belonging to John Carpenter—being number thirteen in his catalogue—is thus described by him: "That book which

¹ "Thys yere, Newgate was new made by Richard Wytynstone, and he dyde the same yere." (*Chron. of Grey Friars*, p. 15.)

Master Roger Dymok made, *Contra duodecim errores et hereses Lollardorum*, and gave to King Richard, and which book, John Wilok gave to me."

Neither Richard Whittington nor his best friend, John Carpenter, were in the least degree tainted with the "pestilent heresy" of the Lollards, whose leader, Wickliff, troubled the Church in England during the reign of Richard II., although certain Sheriffs and some one Lord Mayor, a contemporary of theirs, would seem to have been so, for we read that the Bishop of Salisbury and the Archbishop of York, "with a grievous complaint went to the King, of the *Maïor* and *Sheriffes* of London, that they were *Male creduli in Deum et traditiones avitas; Lollardorum sustentores*," &c. The King, incensed not a little with the complaint of the Bishops, "conceived eftsoons (*i.e.*, soon afterwards) against the *Maïor* and *Sheriffes*, and against the whole Citie of London, a great stomacke, inasmuch that the *Maïor* and both the *Sheriffes* were removed from their office, and the King removed the Courts from London to York, to the great decay of the former Citie." It is evident that Whittington was not the Mayor who was the object of this accusation, as the King appointed him Mayor in 1397. With all his many faults, Richard II. appears to have been firm in the Faith, and a defender thereof, for he strenuously supported the rights of the true Pope Urban, at the time of the schism, refusing to acknowledge Clement, the anti-Pope, and giving valid and unanswerable reasons for the same.

Truly there would seem to be no end to the good deeds of our great Lord Mayor, either in his life or after his death. His executors, amongst whom was John White, the first priest of the Church of St. Michael in Paternoster Royal, which Whittington rebuilt and endowed with a staff of clergy, were charged with the repair of the Hospital of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield, and they also had instructions for glazing and paving Guildhall. This was indeed progress, for at that time few houses were glazed, glass having been but recently introduced, and paving in public buildings was scarcely known, the floors of churches generally remaining in their original clay, strewed from time to time with layers of rushes.

King Henry IV. entrusted to Whittington the repair of the nave of the Abbey Church of Westminster, which had been burnt down, and had remained many years in ruins, associating with him in this work, Richard Harweden, a monk of the Abbey.

Amongst the numerous benefactions of this worthy and pious man, it would be natural to suppose that he did not forget his own county, and it is satisfactory to find the armorial bearings of Whittington and Fitzwarren emblazoned in the Cathedral at Gloucester, amongst those of other founders and benefactors. These arms appear on the altar of the Lady Chapel, from which circumstance we may conclude that he was a contributor towards the erection of that once beautiful altar.

Though he left large sums to charity in his will, Whittington was not one of those who are ready to give away only that which they can no longer hold. He devoted himself and his wealth to many good works during his life; the following are his own words: "The fervent desire and intention of a prudent, wise, and devout man, shal be to cast before and make secure the state and ende of this short life with dedys, of mercy and pite, and specially to provide for those miserable persones whom the penurie of povertie insulteth, and to whom the power of seeking the necessaries of life by art or bodilie labour is interdicted." These true and beautiful sentiments, put into these telling words, are to be found in the Charter of the Foundation of Whittington's College, an almshouse for aged priests and others, which he built on the north side of St. Michael's Church in Paternoster Royal. This College consisted of four Fellows (Masters of Arts), Clerks, Conducts, and Choristers, who were governed by a Master, on whom he bestowed the rights and profits of the Church in addition to his salary of ten marks. To the Chaplains he gave eleven marks each, to the first Clerk eight, to the second seven and a half, and to the Choristers five marks per annum each. The recipients of this charity were to pray for "the good estate of Richard Whittington, and of Alice, his wife, their founders, and for Sir William Whittington, Knight, and Dame Joan, his wife, and for Sir Hugh Fitzwarren, and Dame Molda, his wife, fathers and mothers of the said Richard Whittington, and Alice, his wife; for King Richard II. and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, special lords and promoters of the said Richard Whittington," &c. By this we see that this illustrious man added to his other virtues that rarest one of gratitude to his deceased benefactors, and a strong sense of the duty of praying for the departed, desiring prayers for himself when he too should "go hence and be no more seen." Whittington built also the chapel annexed to the Guildhall.

One day in the March of 1423, the call for which he had so long and earnestly prepared, came to Richard, and he died holily, assisted by his priestly friends and executors, John Carpenter and John White, and surrounded by his twelve bedesmen, rosary in hand, as is shown in an illumination, picturing his death-bed, which John Carpenter caused to be executed.

Thanks to worthy old Stowe, his epitaph has been preserved to us as follows :

Ut fragrans nardus famâ fuit iste Richardus
Altificans Villam, qui juste rexerat illam,
Flos mercatorum, fundator presbyterorum,
Sic et egenorum, testis sit certus eorum ;
Omnibus exemplum, Barathrum vincendo morosum ;
Condidit hoc templum Michaelis quam speciosum,
Regia spes et præ divinis res rata turbis,
Pauperibus pater, et ter Major qui fuit urbis ;
Martius hunc vicit, en annos gens tibi dicet,
Finiit ipse dies, sis sibi Christe quies. Amen.

May our present Lord Mayor tread in the footsteps of his renowned predecessor in the triple tenure of his Mayoralty, and in the glorious name for charity, virtue, and loyal adherence to his faith that he has handed down to his grateful fellow-citizens !

A. E. W.

The First Principles of Voice Production in Song and Speech.

THERE are few people, we imagine, who are indifferent to the charm of a musical voice. Not only are we fairly held captive, for the time being, by the notes of a great singer, but the pleasure with which we listen to the speaking voice of an accomplished orator, or even to the ordinary conversation of those around us, is in great part owing to the clearness and purity—or, in other words, the musical quality—of their speech. Few people are insensible to the attractiveness of certain voices, but they seldom attempt to investigate the cause of the pleasure they feel. They are impressed, though they do not know why. Similarly, even the higher brute animals are influenced, sometimes completely mastered and cowed, by the sound of a man's voice. It is principally the music of the voice which gives it this magic power. Music lends a new force to the spoken word; so much so, that it interprets the word to one who otherwise does not understand it. This musical power, we venture to think, is worthy of cultivation, for it can be cultivated almost indefinitely. And if any one desires an additional motive for entering upon the task of cultivating and exercising the voice, according to scientific principles, he may find it in the circumstance that many eminent physicians have highly recommended vocal exercises as beneficial to all, and especially to those who suffer from any form of chest disease or weakness of the lungs.

Speech is one of the great and distinguishing gifts of God, which elevate men above the lower animals. Consequently a reasonable effort should be made to differentiate as much as possible the quality of our voices from the croak of a toad, the bellow of a bull, or the harsh note of a corn-crake. Yet do we never hear such comparisons made between the voices of our friends and the cries of animals?

To public speakers and singers the right production of the

voice is a matter of considerable importance. Moreover, this subject should recommend itself to the attention of parents, tutors, and professors, whose duty it is to train the young. Is it not a well-known fact that children imitate their elders in every possible way, their manners, fashion of speech, pronunciation, and voice? They readily adopt the tone no less than the accent of the voices which they most often hear. If then the vocal organs of those who come in contact with children have been injured by constant bad production, those of the child will become similarly injured. The voice organs of a child at birth are quite as perfect as are its legs or arms, and as children born without the use of some limb are comparatively rare, so children with crippled voice organs are few and far between.

To give authority to this last paragraph we quote Sir Morell Mackenzie.¹ He writes: "If there is any doubt as to when it is best to begin the training of the singing voice, there can be none, I imagine, as to commencing the education of the speaking voice. It can hardly be begun too soon; in this way faults of production and articulation can be prevented, or, as it were, strangled in the cradle, which in after-life can only be got rid of with infinite trouble and vexation of spirit. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of surrounding a child even before it can speak with persons whose accent and utterance are pure and refined." In other words it is easier and better to preserve the right use of the vocal organs from the beginning, than after years of neglect to attempt to restore them to their original condition.

From the earliest times there have existed schools for the training and cultivation of the voice. The ancients had their *phonascus* or voice trainer. "The sphere of this professional seems to have extended to the cultivation of the voice both for speech and song,² but from a purely physical point of view. . . . The *phonascus* taught his pupils the most refined mode of pronunciation, the proper modulations and inflexions of the voice,³ and superintended classes in the daily practice of systematic exercises."⁴

In spite, however, of the fact that for centuries there have been voice trainers and singers, it is only within the

¹ *Hygiene of the Vocal Organs*, p. 139.

² Cf. Quintilian, I. xi. c. iii. 19.

³ Suetonius, in *Vita Augusti*, c. 84.

⁴ Galen, *De Sanitate Tuenda*, vol. vi. p. 155. Cf. *Vocal Physiology and Hygiene*. Gordon Holmes, L.R.C.P.

last forty or fifty years that an attempt has been made to establish a system of training based on scientific principles. The most successful schools up to the present time, namely, those of the old Italian school of song of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and beginning of the nineteenth century were practical in character: schools of mimicry we may call them, and, so far as they went, they were exceedingly good and very successful. The rules were known, practised, and handed down from master to pupil. But in a great many cases the reasons for such rules were not known. It is not surprising then that with the introduction of the piano, and consequently greater facilities for music, the old school of trainers has become all but extinct; their places have been usurped by pianoforte teachers, and the old traditions of voice production have become well-nigh forgotten, and, if we may credit the opinion of the press, in danger of complete destruction. "Much has been said of late about the decline of the art of singing, and it is a fact that very few of the artists now before the public can compare with the surprising number of really great singers who formerly crowded the operatic stage. It is an acknowledged fact that the greatest singers the world has ever produced have been those who have been taught in the old Italian school. Passing over many of the causes of the present deterioration of vocal art, we (*Saturday Review*) will give the foremost place to that which is certainly the chief amongst them, namely, *the almost total extinction of the long line of great teachers*, not only in this country, but in Italy itself."¹ What is here said of the singing voice is also true of the speaking voice, as will be shown later. The *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1883, says: "There exists no complete and intelligent system of vocal training. Pupils are not required to reason; suffice it if after a year of trial, by hook and crook, rightly or wrongly, they acquire the power to produce certain effects." Again, Mr. Sims Reeves, in his Autobiography, writes: "I could count the really clever professors of singing on my fingers." These extracts could easily be multiplied, but they may be sufficient to show the reader the state of vocal training at the present time. Another proof of the scarceness of good voice trainers is seen in the high prices our great singers can demand.

This being the case it is not astonishing to find within the last twenty or thirty years, book after book on voice culture

¹ The *Globe*, October 15, 1888.

brought into the market by energetic and enterprising men, each differing from the other, yet each claiming that his own special method of training is the most perfect. In fine, there are nowadays almost as many "new and complete" methods of voice culture as there are writers on this subject. Many of them are propounded by persons who themselves have only been trained according to false principles; others are put forth by men who have never been trained at all.

In the midst of this chaos, during the last thirty years or so, two men have stood forward head and shoulders above all others in their attempt to establish a system of singing on a scientific basis. Both have had the advantage of being trained by two of the great *maestri* of the old Italian school, and both have devoted the best years of their life to the solution of the problems involved. Signor Emanuel Garcia was trained by his father, and has been at work in London; while Mr. Charles Lunn, a pupil of the great Cattaneo, has been striving to establish a school in Birmingham. Signor Garcia, in his Preface to *The Art of Singing*, clearly states the position he wishes to hold before the public. He writes: "As the son of an artist and generally admired singer, whom the merited reputation of many of his pupils recommend as a master, I have collected his instructions, the fruits of long experience and of most cultivated musical taste. It is his method which I have wished to bring forward, merely endeavouring to reduce it to a more theoretical form, and to attach effects to causes." Mr. Lunn is equally precise in declaring the position he wishes to take up. In a pamphlet entitled, *The Old Italian School*, he says: "The old school, secure in its empiricism, was content with facts, and did not seek scientifically to account for them; but my position as scientific champion of the art truths I held was different, so I ventured beyond, in order if possible to rescue the old truths and fix them on an incontrovertible basis." It will be noticed that neither of these eminent voice trainers claim to be the inventors of new methods. Their one aim is to prove that the rules of voice of the old Italian school are in accordance with the laws of science known at present. Every advance which science has made in the various branches of knowledge such as physiology, sound, dynamics, statics, &c., which in one way or another relate to the use of the vocal organs, has only shown and proved with ever-increasing force the truth of the rules of the old *maestri*.

It will not surprise the reader, then, to find that the object of this paper, is not to bring forward any new method of vocal culture, but rather to offer some account of this old school which has given to the world nearly all the singers of surpassing excellence. The readers of *THE MONTH* shall see for themselves the chief rules used by this school in the training of the voice; and these will be supported by proofs of their practical efficiency and theoretical correctness, and by the testimony of eminent specialists.

For the consolation and encouragement of those who have been told, perhaps often, by some kind friend, that "they have not got two notes in their head," or that "their voice sounds like a cornrake," it must be emphatically stated that, unless the vocal organs were crippled at birth, or have been injured since, every one has a voice. It may not be as fine as Sims Reeves' or Santley's, but it is undoubtedly much finer than they ever imagined. The present writer knows many instances of the good results obtained from even a little practice. Here are two. A month or so ago, a gentleman, whose vocal powers had never been encouraged, and who had often been told that he had not even the proverbial two notes, put himself under instruction, and in less than twenty minutes was delighted to find he had two octaves of serviceable notes to begin with. Again, a priest who had completely lost his voice received *two* lessons, and after a little private practice not only recovered his voice, but improved it so much, that he has not had any trouble in the use of it for years.

The better to understand the rules which will be laid down, it will be advisable to give a brief description of the instrument at our command. "Although a knowledge of anatomy will not make a bad singer a good one, a slight acquaintance with the structure of his instrument will help him to keep it in good working order."¹ An elaborate treatise, however, on the lungs, throat, larynx, &c., is not necessary for the pupil, however useful it might be to the voice trainer or surgeon. "The question for a speaker or singer is not so much how the thing acts, but to get it to act aright, when not so acting—purely a surgical question."²

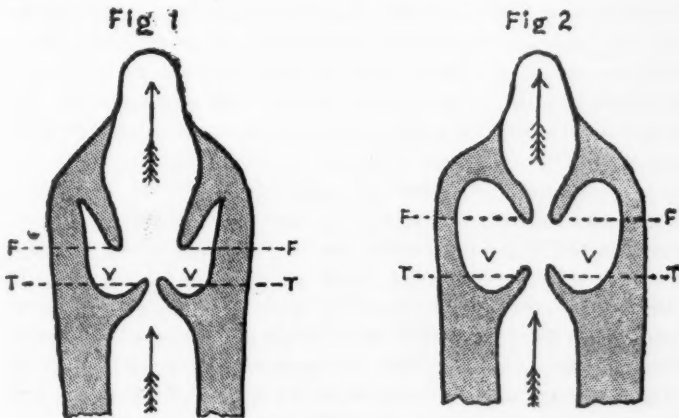
The principal parts of the voice organ are the diaphragm, the lungs, the larynx, and the various resonating cavities of

¹ *Hygiene of the Vocal Organs*, p. 170. Sir M. Mackenzie, M.D.

² *Philosophy of Voice*, p. 84. Charles Lunn.

the mouth, nose, &c. The windpipe or trachea divides at its lower extremity into two bronchial tubes branching off one to the right and one to the left. These are themselves divided and subdivided into a great many smaller tubes, whose final ramifications terminate in groups of air cells. The whole collection of tubes and air cells, which are held together by tissue, form the lungs, two sponge-like substances, which on account of their elastic nature expand when we inhale and contract when we exhale.

At the base of the chest is the diaphragm. It is an exceedingly strong muscle dividing the chest from the stomach. When at rest it is curved with its convex side upwards. The lungs are the bellows which supply the larynx with air, and the ribs and diaphragm, the latter in particular, are the means by which the air is compressed and forced up the windpipe, or trachea, to the larynx, the voice-producing instrument. "It cannot be too clearly understood at the outset that the voice is generated solely at the larynx. It is necessary to insist on this elementary fact with some emphasis, so much confusion having been caused by fanciful expressions like "head voice" and "chest voice."¹



VERTICAL SECTION OF A LARYNX.

Fig. 1 shows the state of the larynx after years of bad production of voice.
 Fig. 2 shows the state of a larynx which is accustomed to produce voice correctly.
 White=space. Black=cartilage.
 FF=false cords. TT=true cords. VV=ventricles.
 Arrow heads mark the direction of the air.

¹ *Hygiene of Vocal Organs*, p. 8.

The larynx is an enlargement of the trachea, which undergoes certain modifications. It is the part generally known as the "Adam's apple." On the air being pressed up the trachea, it first meets the vocal bands or true cords. These consist of two reeds made of strong white tissue, which can be opened or shut at will. Their edges meet in the centre with an *upward* slant, thus forming a hollow prism. The air strikes against these reeds, causes them to vibrate, and sound is produced. Above the true cords are two pouches or ventricles. These cavities extend laterally, and upwards behind another pair of cords, called the false cords, which like the true can open or shut, the only difference being that they form the sides of a hollow prism with the sides slanting *downwards*.

The right use of the ventricles and false cords just make the difference between good and bad production, between a beautiful ringing note and an ugly noise. The correct action of the ventricles seems to have been known to Galen as early as the second century.¹ The credit of rediscovering their use belongs to Mr. Lunn. Drawing a comparison between the upper and lower larynx of a bird and the larynx of a man, he says: "The true voice physically consists of vocal cords vibrating in a column of changeable degrees of compressed air held in measured imprisonment between the *false* cords [FF], and the thoracic muscles below. The top larynx of birds corresponds with the false cords of men, the bottom larynx of birds corresponds with the vocal cords [true cords TT] of men, and the space between the top and the lower larynx of birds corresponds with the ventricles [VV] in men, and this space swells out by varying degrees of compression in accordance with the power of voice. . . . The old school, without knowing this, got the false cords approached by pressure of compressed air in the ventricles, and then afterwards held them ajar a little: and that is good production, the true cords vibrating under such conditions *automatically*, as the wires of an æolian harp vibrate in response to a flow of air through a window sash. Scientifically, I fail to see how *beautiful* sound can be produced by a sounding body vibrating in a column of air in different states, compressed on one side, uncompressed on the other."² This opening of the false cords in producing voice is called the *coup de glotte* or *shock of the glottis*. It is called the *shock of the glottis* from the names of the spaces

¹ Cf. Oribasius, I. xxiv. c. 9.

² *The Old Italian School*, p. II.

between the two pairs of cords when open. The space between the false cords is called the upper glottis, while that between the true cords is called the lower glottis.

At the top of the larynx is the epiglottis. This cartilage is more or less the shape of a leaf. When breathing the epiglottis is raised up, leaving a free passage for air, but while in the act of swallowing, the epiglottis closes tightly over the top of the larynx, so as to prevent any food or liquid from getting down into the larynx. We consider the epiglottis performs a most important function as a sound reflector. The space above the epiglottis and the mouth is called the pharynx. This with the cavities of the mouth and nose require careful management as they effect the *timbre* or quality of the voice. This description of the anatomy of the vocal organs is by no means complete, but it is sufficient for our present purpose. Should the reader, however, wish for a more detailed account, he may be referred to *The Physiology of the Larynx*, J. Wyllie, M.D.; *Philosophy of Voice*, C. Lunn; *Hygiene of the Vocal Organs*, Sir M. Mackenzie, M.D.; *Vocal Physiology and Hygiene*, Gordon Holmes, L.R.C.P.

We are now in a position for taking our first lesson; but before beginning the reader should bear in mind one or two truths of the utmost importance.

1. The production of voice whether in song or speech should be under the direct control of the will. When we wish to move our arms or legs, we make an act of the will; and the muscles, in their normal state respond. Their action is automatic. The action of the various muscles of our voice organ should be just as ready to obey the will as are our feet or hands.

2. There should be no *effort* while practising. All effort is wrong. If the parts are sound and act properly, we should not feel them. When you bend your fingers, you do not feel the various muscles straining, neither should you feel the muscles of your larynx straining in true voice production. Effort is quite a different thing from fatigue. We must not be surprised to find ourselves somewhat fatigued in the beginning, because we are perhaps using muscles that have seldom been used since our childhood. It is consequently advisable to begin with short practices of about ten minutes; and as we find the muscles gaining strength we may prolong the time of practice until half an hour or so at a time. This is the maximum

time that Signor Garcia allows, and the number of half-hours should be restricted to four daily.

"No person," says Garcia, "can ever be a skilful singer without possessing the art of governing the respiration."¹ "Proper management of the breath," says Sir M. Mackenzie, "is a fundamental condition for good singing, and however beautiful the voice may be of itself, it can never be used with artistic effect if the method of respiration is faulty."² Since the respiration, then, is considered so important by such great authorities, we should try to acquire once for all the right method. Not much difficulty will be experienced by men, most of whom naturally breathe correctly. A few minutes will suffice to make the principles clear to those to whom this method is new. But in the case of women some difficulty will be experienced with regard to the action of the diaphragm, owing to the foolish fashion of squeezing the waist with tight corsets.

We shall not enumerate the various kinds of breathing which have been advocated, but shall content ourselves with the one taught by the *maestri*, such as the elder Garcia or Cattaneo. Garcia says: "In order to inspire freely, hold the head straight, the shoulders thrown back without stiffness, and the chest open. Raise the chest by a slow and regular motion, and draw in the stomach. The moment that you commence executing these two motions, the lungs will proceed to dilate themselves until they are filled with air. . . . The mechanism of expiration is the reverse of that of inspiration. It consists in effecting, by means of the thorax [chest] and diaphragm, a slow and gradual pressure on the lungs charged with air. Succussion of the chest, the sudden fall of the ribs, and the hasty relaxation of the midriff or diaphragm, would cause the instantaneous escape of air. In order that the air may reach the lungs, it is requisite that the ribs should yield, and the diaphragm contract [*i.e.*, sink]; the air then fills the lungs. If in this state of things the ribs are allowed to fall and the diaphragm to rise [by expanding], the lungs, pressed on all sides like a sponge in the hand, instantly yield up all the air they have inspired." This, then, is the correct and, we maintain, the most natural way in deep inspiration for providing the larynx with a constant supply of air, but lest we may seem to pass over the other forms of respiration, we quote the words

¹ *Art of Singing*, p. 8.

² *Op. cit.* p. 68.

of Sir M. Mackenzie, a convert to the diaphragmatic breathing. He writes: "The old Italian masters taught that in inspiration the anterior abdominal wall should be slightly drawn in,¹ and this method was practised for more than one hundred and fifty years; but in 1855 Mandl opposed this method of breathing on anatomical grounds, maintaining that the descent of the diaphragm is facilitated by allowing the abdominal wall to be flaccid, and to project forward in inspiration. In England the views of Mandl have been advocated by Browne and Behnke, and I was myself inclined to accept their doctrines. I felt some misgivings on the subject, more especially as Gottfried Weber, one of the most acute investigators who has studied the science of singing, says that it is impossible to explain why it is so, but that undoubtedly the old Italian method is the best.² In the earlier editions of his work I endeavoured to harmonize the conflicting views, but further investigation of the subject has convinced me that the *maestri* were right, and that in the abdominal cavity there is ample room for the slight descent of the diaphragm without any protrusion of its anterior walls. I hope to publish the result of my experiments and observations before long, but in the meantime I may remark that by the old Italian method complete control is obtained at the commencement of the act of expiration, and undue escape of air, *i.e.*, waste of breath, is prevented. In other words, by the Italian system greater effect is produced with less expenditure of force."³ Too great stress, then, cannot be laid on the right method of respiration. Once attained it soon becomes quite natural to all; in fact, a habit is formed, and this method of breathing will become automatic.

While speaking in public or singing we ought, as a rule, to inhale through the mouth, and not through the nose. This advice may sound strange to many people, especially when we find many eminent physicians maintaining that we ought always to breathe through the nose. This they advise on the score of health. There can be no doubt that the nostrils both purify and warm the air. If we are in a London fog, or the day is damp or cold, or we should happen to be in a hospital ward, where the germs of infectious diseases are floating about

¹ For a detailed account of the method of the old Italian masters cf. Mannstein's works.

² *Cecilia*, 1835, vol. xvii. p. 260.

³ *Op. cit.* pp. 71, 72.

in the air, it is most advisable to breathe through the nose, but under ordinary circumstances, and in quiet breathing, either mouth or nose, or both are used, as convenience suggests. But when we are speaking or singing, the atmosphere, as a rule, is both warm and fairly pure. The great reason, however, for breathing through the mouth while speaking or singing is that we can do it much more quickly, easily, and noiselessly. Let any one try to sing a song with long sustained notes, or one in a brisk time, or let him recite a vigorous speech, and the disadvantages of breathing through the nose will be quite apparent. Mr. Orlando Steed, in a very able essay on *Beauty of Touch and Tone*, suggests another expedient which should satisfy both physician and singer. "It seems to me that as rapidity and perfect noiselessness in inspiration are indispensable when singing, it would be best performed by freely opening both passages. The danger pointed out by the advocates of nasal inhalation alone, that cold air drawn in rapidly through the mouth might cause inflammation of the pharynx, would be averted, by the current descending from the nasal passages, which would prevent that entering through the mouth from striking against the back of the throat at all."

When the lungs are inflated, and the chest muscles have begun to contract, the air being forced up the trachea, through the true cords, meets the apex of the *false* cords, and owing to the apex of the triangle formed by the *false* cords pointing downwards, the cords are held firmly together; the air being unable to find an outlet upwards, bulges out the ventricles, which in a good singer are very well developed,¹ and finally the downward pressure of the compressed air in the ventricles will close the *true* cords. The difficulty which the pupil will probably experience in the beginning is the acquiring the control over the false cords. He will find himself stopping his breath with the back of the tongue, or at the outlet of the throat, but a little patient practice will soon overcome the difficulty. While practising the mouth should take the shape it has when pronouncing the vowel A in *father*. Now supposing the cords are firmly closed, and the ventricles full of compressed air, by an act of the will the false cords are suddenly opened, and the *coup de glotte* is the result. The *coup de glotte* is the key to the whole system of the old Italian school of training. This resistance at the false cords, and the opening and shutting

¹ Cf. figure 2.

them at will are the essentials of all good production, and the practice should be constant and untiring until we have acquired a perfect control over this action of the larynx. Some people acquire the control at once, others only after considerable practice; but it should be acquired before anything further is attempted.

Should the above description be difficult to understand, perhaps Signor Garcia's or Mr. Lunn's explanation of the same may be easier. Signor Garcia says: "Keep the tongue relaxed and motionless (without raising it either at the root or point), avert the base of the pillars, and render the whole throat supple. In this position breathe *slowly and long*. After being thus prepared, and when the lungs are full of air, without stiffening either the larynx or any other part of the body, but calmly and with ease attack the tones very neatly by a slight motion of the glottis, and on the vowel A, very clear. This A must proceed quite from the bottom of the throat, in order that no obstacle may be opposed to the emission of the tone. This motion of the glottis is to be prepared by closing it, which momentarily arrests and accumulates the air in this passage; then, as suddenly as the pulling of a trigger, it must be opened by a loud and vigorous shock, like the action of the lips energetically pronouncing the letter P. . . . I again recommend the shock of the glottis as the only means of attaining the sounds purely and without bungling."¹

Mr. Lunn writes as follows: "Squeeze this imprisoned breath [which is in the larynx] as much as possible by a general contraction of all the chest muscles; this act compresses the air within us. Under this condition FF and TT² are brought together. This imprisoned air, when so acted upon, inflates the caverns that lie between the false and true cords. The air catching in these caverns, presses up the larynx and tightly closes it. . . . By ceasing to will to hold, an explosion of compressed air takes place. This explosion is nothing more nor less than the first cry as presented by infant life, and is practically the same as what was called the 'shock of the glottis;' it is an audible result arising from the false cords, in response to the will, opening a little, and releasing compressed air imprisoned below them, which air in its release explodes, the true cords springing of their own elasticity, and consequently automatically giving off their intrinsic tone. Now either (1) the

¹ Op. cit. p. 8.

² Cf. figure 2.

false cords may act in union with the true, alternating, as in laughter, between approximation and disjunction, like scissors. Or (2) the false cords may part so widely that they are unable to rule the air—this is ordinary, or false production, the true cords vibrating *on* a column of uncompressed air, which they cannot completely restrain, in effect, weak, dead, or rough sound. Or (3) the true cords cannot completely open, the false cords being partially approached, in which case the air is heard to escape in a controlled hiss. Or (4) the false cords alone may slightly separate, assuming a fixed position, restraining the escape of vocalized air, while the true cords of themselves, by their own elasticity, alternate between parallel lines and ovals. This last is *true production*. This first step of voice restoration is only an application of the automatic action that takes place at birth, and an application of this can alone enable the speaker to utter loudly any word beginning with a vowel; it is a sharpening of the energy of the organs of voice, just as *b* is sharpened into *p* by the action of the lips.”¹

We should practise always at full and equal power. The old school insisted on this. Only in this way can the regularity and intensity of sound be developed, and muscles, which from neglect are weak, strengthened. In saying this, what was mentioned above about effort should be remembered, namely, that all effort is wrong and harmful; and while practising at full power the voice should not be forced, nor should it develope into a mere bawl. All of us have noticed how very hard a piano-tuner strikes the keys of a piano. When we ask him the reason, he tells us that unless he did this the instrument would quickly get out of tune again. It is the same with the voice. The only way to set it well is to practise at full power. Avoid then in early practices beginning softly, and gradually singing louder, and then softly again; in other words, avoid practising *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. This is a very common fault with beginners taught by modern singing-masters. It will be soon enough to do this when the voice is well set and strong.

When speaking or singing we should try to get the mouth into the most natural position possible. This will be best seen when the muscles of the mouth and tongue are no longer under the control of the will, when life is extinct. The lower jaw then falls, and becomes similar in shape to that

¹ *Philosophy of Voice*, p. 24.

in which our mouth is in when we are pronouncing the vowel A, an oval \bigcirc , not O, or 0. It is for this reason that the great voice trainers, past and present, use this vowel as the best for practising on. Many modern teachers use other vowels, and some even prefer a consonant. Garcia very strongly disapproves of this. "Some masters recommend," he writes, "the use of the syllables *pa, la, ma*, &c., in order to acquire precision in striking the notes; this plan (by which the lips, the tongue, and other organs not concerned in the emission of the voice are set in motion) has the advantage of *merely disguising the faulty articulation of the glottis*, without possessing any power whatever of correcting it."¹ From this we may gather also the fact, that in the beginning the use of consonants should be entirely avoided. Every effort should be made to detach the voice from words spoken or sung. They only tend to upset the equilibrium of the vocal organs. Not until we can produce beautiful sound on the vowels (when we have succeeded with A, we may take the other vowels as well, changing the mouth as little as possible), should we add words.

The note the pupil should choose for practising on should be his "station" note. This is the note which can be sung without tightening or relaxing the cords, or sinking or raising the larynx. It is in males about middle G, and in females the octave higher, but as this note is relative, it may vary slightly in individuals. After studying for some time on the "station" note, the pupil should try and get the *coup de glotte* on the three or four notes above and below it. Let every note be sustained and even, of equal power throughout, and finish each note as sharply and precisely as you began it, without closing the mouth. Do not be in a hurry to extend your exercises beyond this first lesson. Once become the master of your instrument on these seven or eight notes, and everything else will be comparatively easy. Do not be anxious to increase your compass. It will come in time and to a surprising extent. Garcia does not allow his pupils to go beyond upper G while practising for some considerable time. Settle the middle notes, and the lower and higher ones will come quite naturally. Mr. Lunn says, "The old school never studied for compass, nature gave it, and the academic minimum was two octaves, the rightly trained singer getting nearer three.

¹ Op. cit. p. 9.

I had three octaves when I left Cattaneo."¹ To prove the correctness of this statement it is only necessary to look at the music written for the old singers.

We can easily imagine the reader, who, although he has no desire to become a singer, is anxious to improve his speaking voice, reminding us that so far we have been principally treating of the singing voice, and have only casually mentioned the speaking voice. This is quite true, but it is also true that the more perfect includes the less perfect. What has been said so far of the voice in song is equally true of the voice in speech. It is essential for the speaking voice as well as for the singing voice to control the local action of the will, to breathe correctly, and to keep the ventricles inflated with compressed air, to be sure of the "attack" or *coup de glotte*; to be free from all effort or strain; to use the vowel best suited for this end, to practise at full power and steadily the seven or eight notes nearest the "station" note. The speaker's voice needs setting just as truly as the singer's. The tone of the speaking voice should be just as clear and ringing as that of the singing voice.

If the reader will only consider for a few moments, he will very soon be convinced that speech is merely a modified kind of song. Let him say aloud any sentence; for instance, "Good morning," "How do you do?" "Did it rain yesterday?" "No?" "No." Unless his hearing is very bad, he will perceive he is using musical intervals, the only difference being that in song the notes are more sustained than in speech. Cicero recognized this: "For even in speaking," he says, "there is a kind of obscure song."² Dr. Gordon Holmes says the same: "Even in speech there is music, and the spoken voice to be tolerable must be musical."³ "Singing," writes Sir M. Mackenzie, "is a help to good speaking, as the greater includes the less, and should therefore be learnt by every candidate for oratorical honours."⁴ Mr. Lunn writes: "Voice production affects the pulpit, the platform, and the stage; the principles of restoration should be known to every national school-teacher throughout the kingdom, and especially should they be known to the medical practitioner, for voice production embraces a far wider sphere than music, and penetrates where the latter never enters."⁵

¹ *Voice and its Training*. A lecture given in the Princes' Hall, London, May, 1892.

² *Orator*, c. 18.

³ *Vocal Physiology and Hygiene*, p. 51.

⁴ *Op. cit.* p. 153.

⁵ *Op. cit.* p. 85.

It is at this point that the orator and speaker part company with the singer. With his voice restored to its original perfection—that of the child—the speaker may rest content, while the singer ascends higher to overcome the many intricacies and difficulties of his more elaborated art.

All the above mentioned principles and rules are founded on sound reason ; most of them have been proved of late years, by such energetic professors as Mr. Lunn, to rest on a scientific basis, and to be in strict accordance with the economy of nature. All have been, and are daily being used with success. It is a great mistake, however, for any one to imagine he can get a good and clear speaking or singing voice after five minutes' practice. Many forget that the harm of ten or twenty years of bad production cannot be undone in a day. They soon become disgusted, and discouraged, because they do not immediately eclipse the Pattis or the Reeves ; or it may be they have met with such success in the first few days, that they imagine they have nothing more to learn. The consequence is, they give up practising, and are astonished to find their voices are going back to their old state of feebleness and fogginess. This is no exaggeration, but a fact that unfortunately occurs only too often. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that in a few lessons good can be done, even great and permanent good.

THOMAS KELLY.

*A Catholic House.*¹

WORKERS in our days are preparing the materials for the full and fair History of England that will one day be written. Much has perished, and the documents that survive have been preserved almost by hap-hazard through ages of neglect, but they have not yet been thoroughly ransacked and classified, nor completely reproduced for the student's use. There is much still to be done in hunting up and deciphering old records, and still more in the slow work of collation and reference. Such work is laborious and often unthankful, and peculiar qualities are required, which are not very often found. Where, however, those qualities exist, the work has a charm of its own. The labour of seeking is pleasant, and the charm of finding is delightful. Miss Sharp has succeeded in producing an admirable history of Ufton Court, the old house in which she dwells, and she has shown herself to be so excellent an investigator and compiler that she must allow us to express the hope that the qualities she has developed in writing *The History of Ufton Court* may find exercise in some larger undertaking. If the history of the county of Berks should be too vast a work, would not Miss Sharp venture on one of its hundreds?

The interest of Ufton Court, the dwelling-house of the family of Perkins, is great to us Catholics, as it is a specimen of the houses of English squires, in which the Catholic religion was kept alive in the land through the evil days of persecution. Miss Sharp has done excellent service in collecting together the existing records of the operation of the penal laws in the case of this recusant household, and the story is told with as much sympathy as perhaps we could have expected from one who is not herself a Catholic. There occur occasionally phrases that are untrue and unjust, but it is plain that the reason is

¹ *The History of Ufton Court, of the Parish of Ufton, in the County of Berks, and of the Perkins Family.* Compiled from ancient records by A. Mary Sharp. London: Elliot Stock, 1892.

that on that side Miss Sharp's study has been cut short and that her knowledge of original sources is limited. For instance,¹ we are told that "the old parish clergy and many others in the country resented the injudicious zeal so much mixed up with treason of the Jesuit missionaries who came from the Seminary at Douay, and later on from Valladolid." The tone of the sentences on this page that refer to the missionary priests, seems to rest entirely on the letter of Richard Bluet, the appellant priest, and a little more investigation would have shown Miss Sharp that there were two sides to that great controversy. She does not even seem to be aware that the priests who came from the Seminary of Douay, the noble foundation of Cardinal Allen, were not Jesuits but seculars. The expression, "and later on from Valladolid," shows but little knowledge of the Colleges on the Continent from which missionary priests were sent into England. And the accusation that the zeal of these priests was "so much mixed up with treason" is a simple calumny. Miss Sharp would do well to read *The Memoirs of Missionary Priests* by Bishop Challoner, to which in one place she refers, and more especially let her turn to what Father Campion, who was a Jesuit, said of his allegiance to Queen Elizabeth.

Speaking of Jesuits, Miss Sharp tells us that a warrant was issued by Lord Hunsdon to Sir Francis Knollys "for the apprehending of one Jarrett, a Jesuit escaped out of the Tower of London, and one Garrett, two notorious traitors supposed to be in the house of one Francis Parkins of Ufton, a place generally reputed to be a common receptacle for priests, Jesuits, recusants, and other such evil-disposed persons."² This is very curious, for Jarrett and Garrett are two forms of the name of Father John Gerard, and the dividing him into "two notorious traitors" seems to be due to two independent informations sent to the Lord Chamberlain that Father Gerard was at Ufton Court, as he may have been. He was one of the very few persons who have ever succeeded in making their escape from the Tower of London, and he was hidden away in Catholic houses from October 4, 1597, the date of his escape, to May 3, 1606, when he passed over the Channel disguised as a servant of the French Ambassador.

The two spellings of the name of Gerard were due, besides the soft and hard initial, to the pronunciation of *er* as *ar*, which

¹ P. 88.

² P. 99.

though once universal, has survived in only a few names, as Berkeley and Berkshire, and in still fewer words, as clerk. Miss Sharp has not noticed that this pronunciation is the reason why Perkins was often written Parkins, just as Persons sometimes took the form of Parsons, and the *person* or *personage* of the church has become the *parson*. In the days of reckless spelling we have often the pronunciation brought before our eyes, as on the page from which we are quoting, we have Sir Walter Rawley for Raleigh. In one spy's list in 1588 we have "John Garret, a priest in Rome, son to Sir Thomas Garret," and in another's, "one Tomson, whose right name in very deed is Garret,"¹ both referring to Father John Gerard. Miss Sharp's conjecture² that "Garrett meant Father Garnet" is less probable, as that Father passed under the name of Walley.

Fortunately, Father Gerard was not at Ufton when Sir Francis Knollys made his search on the 18th of July, 1599. One Gayler, whose brother had formerly been in Mr. Perkins' service, had informed Sir Walter through Counsellor Meere that "he knew of a great treasure that was hid in the house of one Mr. Perkins," which he chose to describe as "the money of some ill-affected persons, and to be employed to some ill purposes." Sir Walter Raleigh, like a gentleman, would have nothing to do with it, so Gayler had recourse to the Lord Chamberlain, by whose warrant Sir Francis Knollys came to search. "One of the company came to Sir Francis Knollys being then in the hall, and told him the nest was found," which was not difficult with Gayler for a guide. The money was found, and poor Mrs. Perkins had the mortification of being present at the opening of the two chests, when her husband had gone away under the pretence of fetching a smith. The "divers bags of gold were taken out and laid in her lap and afterwards told out upon a table there by Sir Francis in her presence, and divers parcels of plate whereof a note was taken also in her presence." It was all carried off to Sir Humphrey Foster's house, but "not finding him at home, Sir Francis and the rest of the company returned to Reading, bringing the gold with them, leaving his servant at Sir Humphrey's to bring the plate after in a cart." And thus the money of inoffensive Catholics could be seized in form of law, and the Court of Exchequer, ten years afterwards, thought it "not reasonable nor agreeable to justice, nor to stand with the honour of the

¹ P.R.O. *Dom. Elis.* nn. 26, 77.

² P. 160.

State or the Government, that Sir Francis Knollys, being employed in the service by public authority and warrant, and doing his duty therein, should be left subject to answer such a warrant, and that therefore the defendant shall not proceed in any manner of action against the complainants, touching the said sum of money, and that they shall be discharged, freed, and acquitted for ever." This defendant was one Beaconsshawe, who claimed a sum that had been in the hiding-place in addition to the other gold and plate, and had obtained a verdict in his favour from a Hampshire jury in an action against Sir Francis Knollys and his servant Isaac Cray. Why Beaconsshawe is called "a man of straw" by Miss Sharp is not clear. The name is that of a good knightly family.

The chapel did not escape Sir Francis Knollys. "Every room whereunto he came to search was either open before he came into it, or else was opened by such of the house as did accompany him, except a chamber which it seemed had been used for a chapel, the door of which chapel Sir Francis, or some of the company, did break open with his foot, for that Thomas Perkins said he had not the key thereof. In that chamber or chapel they found divers relics and Popish trash, as namely holy water with a sprinkle therein, and a cross at the end of the sprinkle, besides which there was a little box with divers small white wafer cakes, like *Agnus Dei*, fit for the saying or singing of Mass, and candles half burnt out, such as usually Mass is said withal, and divers pictures, and such other things whereby it seemed unto them that some Mass had been said or sung not long before."¹

A dozen years before this, one Roger Plumpton, a tailor, had deposed that "there resorteth unto the dwelling-house of the said Francis Perkins a certain unknown person, which is commonly lodged in a cock-loft or some other secret corner of the house, and is not commonly seen abroad, but coming abroad he weareth a blue coat, which person so unknown he vehemently suspecteth to be the same Seminary priest; for that on divers Wednesdays, Fridays, and other festival-days, he hath seen most of the family, one after another, slipping up in a secret manner to a high chamber in the top of the house, and there continue the space of an hour and a half or more, and this examine (Roger Plumpton), hearkening as near as he might to the place, hath often heard a little bell rung, which

¹ P. 100.

he imagineth to be a sacring bell, whereby he conjectureth that they resort to hear Mass."¹

The story is very graphic, and puts before us vividly the dangers of poor Catholics when Elizabeth was Queen. The family of Perkins was Catholic to the backbone, and allied itself with families that were thoroughly Catholic. We find that in succession in the direct line they married into the families of More, Mompesson, Wells, Plowden, Eyston, and Fermor, all excellent Catholics. By the way, we notice that on p. 46 Miss Sharp marries William Perkins to Anne, daughter of *Richard Welles*, while on pp. 81 and 201 Anne's father's name is rightly given as *Thomas Wells*, of Bambridge.² The matter is of importance, for the brothers of this Anne Wells were Gilbert and Swithun Wells, the one a glorious confessor of the faith, and the other a holy martyr who is now declared by the Holy See to deserve the title of Venerable, indicating that the process of his canonization has been commenced. Francis Perkins, whose worries about Mass we have seen, had through his mother the blood of this heroic family. Through his daughter Catherine, it descends to the present Duke of Norfolk, for as Miss Sharp shows,³ this Catherine married George Tattersall, of Finchampstead, Berks, and their great grand-daughters Mary and Catherine, were married respectively to Charles and Bernard, brothers of the well-known Dominican Cardinal, Philip Howard. From the first of these marriages the tenth and eleventh Dukes of Norfolk were descended, and from the other all the succeeding holders of the title.

Our first knowledge of the Perkins family is in the fourteenth century, when they were in service of the family of the Despencers, from whom Blessed Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, was descended in the female line. That William Perkins was in the service of that blessed martyr, and was proud of it, is shown by the inscription for his tomb that he prescribed in his will, in which he called himself "sometime gentleman usher to the Right Honourable Lady Margaret Countess of Salisbury, and after her decease gentleman usher to her son, the Lord Cardinal Pole's Grace." The family persevered in the faith to the very end, and the death of the last heir male is recorded by

¹ P. 92.

² It ought to be Brambridge, in the old chapel of which place George Augustus Frederic, afterwards George IV., was married to Mrs. Fitzherbert.

³ P. 111.

Father Edward Maden, O.S.F., his chaplain. "John Perkins, the last of the family, died October the 30, 1769." The old priest himself died at the age of seventy-nine in 1782. He records the gift of "his church stuff" by John Perkins, "for the benefit of the congregation." The little flock at Ufton Court amounted to ninety-eight persons in the year 1749, in which year Bishop Challoner confirmed twenty-four of them.

Our attention has been almost exclusively confined to the Catholic family to whom Miss Sharp has introduced us, and even of them and their interesting old house we have said comparatively little, but the book contains much collateral matter,¹ and is to our mind the very model of what the history of an ancient house should be. We are unable to suggest any source of information of which she has not availed herself. The illustrations are excellent, and the authoress has been singularly fortunate in securing the sketches of Mr. J. C. Buckler, F.S.A., taken in 1838, as well as others showing what things looked like years ago. By the way, we would suggest that what Miss Sharp calls "an enigmatical monogram or device"² is an exceedingly graceful combination of the two letters A.P. We are, however, unable to find a Perkins with those initials early enough to have been the builder of the original hall.

We will finish our notice of this excellent book by extracting the inscription written on a brass plate by Francis Perkins, the man whose molestations on account of his religion we have witnessed, in memory of Margaret [Eyston] his wife. It is as touching and affectionate as any epitaph we have ever seen.

FR. PERKINS MARGARETAM UXOREM

ALLOQUITUR : IN PACE REQUIESCE (DILECTISSIMA CONJUX) ET PAULISPER
EXPECTA ADVENTUM MEUM, QUOD SI
DIUTIUS MANSERO, HOC DIVINO OBSEQUIO
NON VITÆ DESIDERIO CONCESSUM OBTESTOR.

The inscription then goes on to say that she died on the 1st of March, 1641, which being Old Style, Miss Sharp rightly calls 1642. Her husband survived her nearly twenty years, and

¹ We come across a curious mention of the Ven. Hugh Faringdon, the Martyr, as "Hew by dyvnye sufferaunce Abbot of Reding," who was at the quarter sessions at Okingham, on the 11th of June, 1534, as Justice of the Peace for the county. This is taken by Miss Sharp (p. 49) from the Star Chamber Proceedings, 25 Hen. VIII., bundle 21, n. 152.

² P. 146.

when his time came in 1661, he put these two lines on the grave in the Perkins chapel that held them both :

VIXIMUS UNANIMES, TUMULO SOCIAMUR IN UNO ;
UNA SIT UT REQUIES, DET DEUS UNA SALUS. 6

Miss Sharp will pardon a few trifling criticisms. We find the phrase, "the arms of Richard Parkyns, quartered with those of his heiress-wife, Elizabeth Mompesson."¹ The words are heraldically a solecism, for a husband carries his "heiress-wife's" arms on a scutcheon of pretence, and their children quarter them. We notice also that Miss Sharp gives a shield No. 7, as belonging to some unknown early ancestor, which she has already identified (No. 2) as Perkins impaling More. At p. 68 "R^d" is a misreading for "K^t" and at p. 74 the same "R^d" is mistaken for "S^r" or Sir. At p. 153 our Lady's monogram, MR., is said to stand for *Maria Regina*, whereas just as IHS means *Jesus* and nothing else, so MR. represents the name of *Mary* only. A graver mistake, and one of a different character, we find on p. 97. "Edward Lingen, a Jesuit, was taken prisoner with Henry Walpole in 1593." Edward Lingen was not a Jesuit, and Miss Sharp may see in Dr. Jessopp's *Norfolk House*, p. 171, that he was "a soldier of fortune." Miss Sharp must not call all those people Jesuits, whom Strype thinks proper to call so. And it is quite a mistake to suppose that "being reconciled" was ever used for becoming a member of the Established Church. When we are told² that John Vachell was "reconciled in the Marshalsea," it simply means that he there got a priest to hear his confession ; and this use of the word is in keeping with the Acts of Elizabeth that made "absolving and reconciling" high treason in the priest. Thus Blessed Thomas Thirkill was found guilty at York in May, 1583, "because he had confessed his having sacramentally absolved and reconciled the Queen's subjects to the Church of Rome."

JOHN MORRIS.

¹ P. 57. ² P. 97.

The Divine Office in the Greek Church.

IV. THE CANONICAL HOURS.

I AM almost afraid that the reader must be already tired of the Greek Office, and yet I must appeal to his patience for a little time longer. I feel that I ought to give a succinct, though brief description of the whole Office of one single day, in which the various parts of the Office are put in their proper places. Rather than describe the elaborate Office, and the many exceptions of a great feast, I will choose a common Sunday.

The Office begins, as does the Roman, and in fact every other Liturgy, with Vespers of the previous day. But here we immediately come to a peculiarity of the Greek Office. There are two Vespers on the same evening.¹ The "little Vespers," which are said just before supper, and the "great Vespers," which begin at about eight o'clock (Compline is said mostly in private [*ἐν τοῖς κελλίους*—in the cells] and of course precedes the greater Vespers.) There exists a third kind of Vespers, which is the beginning of the Pannychis, and, together with the midnight Office and Matins, lasts the whole night, from eight in the evening till eight in the morning. It need scarcely be said that this fatiguing service is reserved for the greatest feasts.

The little Vespers, like every other Office, begin in this way.

The priest says, while blessing himself with the sign of the Cross: "Blessed be our God at all times, now and for ever, world without end, Amen." After which the reader, or else the Superior, sings: "Come, let us adore and fall down before God our King. Come, let us adore and fall down before Christ the King, our God. Come, let us adore and fall down before the same Christ our King and God. (The Coptic Office opens almost with the same words.) He then proceeds to read the 103rd Psalm, one of those that I have, what I must call the

¹ The little Vespers are said every day; the great Vespers only on Saturdays and on the eves of feasts.

rudiment of an antiphon, though the *Gloria Patri* follows, but does not precede the repetition. Now the choir begins to sing the Psalm *Domine, clamavi* (which is composed of Psalms 140, 141, 129, and 116),¹ not, however, from the beginning, but from the verse: "From the morning watch even until night," to which the reader adds in the same tone, for instance, the first, four anthems. There are only three in the Parakletike; to make up the number, the first is sung twice. It runs thus: "Receive, O Holy Lord, our evening prayers, and grant us forgiveness of our sins; for Thou alone hast shown to the world the Resurrection." After the last anthem, the choir sings: "Glory be to the Father, &c. Now and for ever," &c., and the reader adds an anthem in honour of our Lady. Then follows the ancient prayers: "The joyful light" (which I shall transcribe at the great Vespers), and the versicle: "The Lord hath reigned."² The following prayer is common to every Liturgy: "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this night from all sin. Blessed art Thou, Lord God of our fathers," &c. This prayer is again followed by an anthem in honour of the Resurrection ("Through Thy Passion, O Christ, we are delivered from our passions, and through Thy Resurrection we are freed from corruption. Glory be to Thee, O Lord") and by some versicles and anthems in honour of our Lady; after the *Gloria Patri* and another anthem to our Lady, the choir sings the canticle of Simeon, the "Holy, holy, holy," and the concluding anthems on the Resurrection and the Mother of God.

This sketch may serve as a general outline of a Greek canonical hour, and it reminds us at once of the words of Dom Guéranger, that taking each part by itself, there is nothing more beautiful than the Greek Liturgy; but as an *ensemble*, it is disappointing on account of the endless repetitions of one and the same idea. Those who regret the inexorable strictness of the Sacred Congregation of Rites shearing the Roman Breviary of all those magnificent hymns, prayers, and anthems which have become familiar to us through Dom Guéranger's

¹ The Greek Church makes no use of organs or other instruments. All the singing is unaccompanied and in unison (although they have had such great composers as Bortniansky, the Russian Palestrina). The Typicon says: "Among the Hebrews the hymns addressed to God were accompanied with instruments. But since God rejected their instruments, as He said through Amos: Take away from Me the tumult of thy songs, and I will not hear the canticles of thy harp (v. 23), we, the Christians, offer our hymns to God with our voices only." (p. 329.)

² Psalm xcii. 1.

work, will soon perceive how judiciously our authorities have acted, when they compare the masculine beauty of the Roman Office with one that is overladen with ornaments as the Greek Liturgy is.

The greater Vespers begin soon after sunset. They may be divided into two parts, the first of which corresponds to the smaller Vespers,¹ with this difference, however, that after the 103rd Psalm the first Kathisma of the Psalter is recited, and that the anthems in connection with the 140th Psalm are far more numerous. However, before the beginning of these Vespers, the priest and the deacon, together with the master of ceremonies or the reader, leave their stalls, and having made the inclinations before the pictures of our Lord and our Lady on the iconostasis, or rood-screen, and having also saluted the choir on both sides, they enter the sanctuary and vest as for Mass; they then return to the choir, incensing the whole church, first the nave, where the choir is placed, then the narthex (the place set apart for the faithful), the holy pictures, and finally, returning to the sanctuary, the altar. In the meantime Vespers begin, and the priest returns to his stall until the end of the first psalm (103), when he places himself before the holy gates in the rood-screen, and says silently the seven evening prayers. I will only transcribe the fourth, which is the shortest.

O Thou, who art praised by the never silenced hymns, the never-ending praise of the Holy Powers, fill our mouth with Thy praise, that we may magnify Thy Holy Name. And give us a share with all those who have feared Thee in truth, and have kept Thy commandments, through the intercession of the Holy Mother of God and all Thy Saints. For to Thee it behoveth to give all glory, honour, and adoration, to the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, now and for ever, world without end. Amen.

When he has finished the last prayer he begins, what we should call the *preces*, to each of which the choir answers *Kyrie eleison*.

In peace let us pray the Lord. *Kyrie eleison*.

For the peace from above, and the salvation of our souls, let us pray the Lord. *Kyrie eleison*.

For the peace of the whole world, the welfare of the holy Churches of God, and their union, let us pray the Lord. *Kyrie eleison*.

For this holy house, &c.

¹ It ought to be clearly understood that the minor Vespers are always said, and that on the eves of Sundays and feast-days there are two Vespers.

These prayers are followed by the Kathisma of the Psalter, after which the deacon says the smaller *preces*: "Again and again let us in peace beseech the Lord." Choir: *Kyrie eleison*. And the priest says the final: "For Thine is the Kingdom," &c. Now follows the Psalm 140, &c., as much as there is to be said of it, together with the anthems; their number is much larger for the great Vespers than for the small Vespers; in the case of an ordinary Sunday there would be seven in honour of the Resurrection and three or four in honour of the Saint of the day or of the patron Saint of the Church, or even six, if he was one of the greater Saints.

We now come to the second part of Vespers, the Introit and the procession. At the completion of the anthems both deacon and priest return to the sanctuary, accompanied by two acolytes. The incense being blessed, the holy gates are thrown open, and the celebrant with his ministers enters the choir. The candles are placed in the middle of the choir at the two sides, and the priest places himself in front of the holy gates, with the deacon at his right side. The latter takes the stole which he is wearing, between three fingers of the right hand, and says in a low voice, "Let us pray the Lord." The priest, in his turn, says the following prayer, also in a low voice: "In the evening, in the early morning, and at noon we praise Thee, we bless Thee, we give Thee thanks, and we beseech Thee, O Lord of the universe, Lord loving man. Let our prayer be directed as incense in Thy sight, incline not our hearts to evil words or thoughts of wickedness, but deliver us from all them that lay snares to our souls, for to Thee, O Lord, we turned our eyes, in Thee have we hoped. Let us not come into confusion, O Lord our God. For Thee becometh all glory," &c. The deacon then intimates to the priest that he should bless the holy Introit, pointing to the East with his stole, which he holds, as before, with three fingers, and the priest says: "Blessed be the Introit of Thy saints, O Lord." The deacon then incenses the picture of the Saint which is in the stall of the Superior, and afterwards the Superior himself, and then he returns to the middle where he swings the censer in the shape of the cross, saying, "Wisdom, stand straight." The Superior, or else one of the monks, sings now the "Joyful light" of which I spoke at the occasion of the minor Vespers, and which is thus worded: "Joyful light of the Holy Glory, of the Immortal, the Heavenly, Holy and Blessed Father, Jesus Christ! Approaching

the time of sunset and seeing the evening light, we praise God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. For it is right to praise Thee at all times with fitting words. Son of God, life-giver. Therefore the world praises Thee." St. Athenogenes, martyr, is said to be the author of this prayer. The deacon, preceded by the acolytes with the candles, enters the sanctuary and incenses the altar, while the priest genuflects outside the holy gate, and after he also has passed through it into the sanctuary the gates are locked. These gates in the rood-screen are only opened at the beginning of Vespers, when sanctuary and choir are incensed, for the Introit at Vespers and Mass, for the Gospel, and during the whole Canon of the Mass. At all other times they remain shut and the altar is completely hidden from view.

If there are lessons to be read, they are inserted at this place, and afterwards the deacon leaves the sanctuary by a side door, and standing in his usual place he recites a great number of *preces*, to which the choir always answers by a three-fold *Kyrie eleison*. At the end the priest says the prayer of the bowing of the head. Then follows the procession. First come the acolytes with their candles, then the deacon with the incense, after him the priest, followed by the whole community, walking slowly down into the church through the "beautiful" or choir gates, and singing on one note the anthems of the Saint of the day (or the patron Saint of the church). During the singing the community are standing in two rows in the church, and the deacon incenses each monk. Another series of short prayers follows, at the end of which, all bowing down to the ground, the priest invokes all the saints. As the last anthems begin the procession returns to the choir, where they sing the Cantic of Simeon and the Trisagion with the Our Father and the remaining anthems in the same order as at the minor Vespers. The candles are placed on both sides of a small four-legged table, on which we find a dish with wheat and five loaves, and by the side of the dish a vessel with oil and another with the best wine, which are blessed by the priest and incensed by the deacon. While the latter are unvesting in the sanctuary (there is no proper sacristy in Greek churches), the community partake of the wine and bread as a remedy against all evils, if partaken of with faith, as the rubric says, singing in the meantime Psalm xxxiii. 2—11.

Usually the community withdraw after this long service, not,

however, without each one saying in his cell the beautiful night prayers given in the Horologium. But in Lent, and when there is a Pannychis (a whole night's service) the works of the Fathers are read aloud, especially those of St. Theodore Studite. Sometimes, also, it would seem they take a little rest in the church itself, until the wooden (or, on solemn occasions, the iron) board is struck by the ringer, as a sign that the time for the midnight Office has drawn near.

To rise at midnight and to sing the praise of the Almighty when nature is asleep, when man, the crown and glory of nature, is, alas, so often forgetful of his Creator and Saviour and Judge, is a custom as old as Christianity, or rather, as we have seen, a good deal older. Not only were solitary saints, exceptional models of sanctity, accustomed to break their sleep, but the whole Church with one voice proclaimed the glory of God in the darkness of night no less than at noonday. There does not exist an ancient rite or liturgy in which the midnight Office does not find a place. Not only the anchorite in his cell, the monk in his cloister, but even the canon in his cathedral, and the parish priest in his church, used all of them to rise every night. Even so late as the seventeenth century we find the Chapter of Paris faithful to their obligation.¹ Nowadays it is reserved to the strict Orders in the Roman Church to keep up the old tradition, although even at the present day the Bishops, addressing their yearly Synod, admonish the clergy in the words of the Pontifical: "Every night you ought to rise for the canonical hours"—*Omni nocte ad nocturnas horas surgite*. In the East, where the night is the most delightful part of the twenty-four hours, where the heat of the day hampers both the *ora* and the *labora*, and, it ought to be added, where the clergy, secular and regular, are not half so much over-worked as in the West, the midnight Office is never omitted or anticipated or postponed. It opens in a similar way to Vespers, and after the introductory prayers the 50th Psalm is recited, after which follows the Kathisma of the Psalter as shown in the table on page 220. On Sundays, however, the Canon of the Blessed Trinity takes the place of the psalms, but of course the canticles are not said now, at all events not more than the two last lines of each. This seems to be the inference from a rubric in the Psalterion. On week-days, the Constantinopolitan-Nicene Creed follows upon the psalms, and some verses having reference to

¹ Dubois, *Abbé de Rancé*, vol. i. p. 17.

the solemnity of the hour, the coming of the Judge. This is the first one: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night; and blessed is the servant whom He finds watching, but unworthy he whom He finds slothful. See, my soul, that thou art not overcome by sleep, lest thou be delivered unto death, and be excluded from the kingdom. But be sober and say, Holy, holy, holy art Thou, O God. Through the Mother of God have mercy on us." There are also some beautiful prayers, unhappily too long to be inserted here. Then follow Psalms 120 and 133 ("I have lifted up my eyes," and "Behold now bless ye the Lord"), with other prayers and versicles. Though the midnight Offices for Saturdays and Sundays differ from the rest of the week, and from one another, the whole Office is immovable, and does not vary according to the feasts. Only the Canon on Sundays varies according to the Parakletike which, as I have said at the beginning, contains a complete set of Offices for eight full weeks. For this reason this Office is never mentioned in the Menaia nor in the Typicon, any more than our Complin is mentioned in the Ordo.

Supposing there is no Pannychis, the religious will be able to withdraw about an hour and a half after the beginning of the Office to take some more rest until four o'clock (or a little later), when Matins have to be said. On Sundays, however, Matins are very long and follow immediately after the midnight Office.

It begins as usual, and Psalms 19 and 20 having been recited, as well as some short prayers, the Hexapsalmus is read by the Superior or reader, while the community listen in deep silence. In the meantime priest and deacon have been vesting, and are now incensing the sanctuary, the choir, and the church, and by the time the reader has finished the first three psalms, the priest, standing in front of the holy gates, says the twelve morning prayers (corresponding to the seven evening prayers), in a low voice. These prayers finish simultaneously with the last three psalms of the Hexapsalmus, and the priest now raises his voice to say the versicles and short collects, as at Vespers. Some anthems in honour of the Blessed Trinity, or our Blessed Lady or a saint, are sung by the kanonarches, the leader of the choir, and now begins the stichologia or recitation of psalms, namely the Kathisma prescribed for the day in question. As we have seen before, the psalms set aside for Matins on Sundays are both numerous and long, viz., two Kathismata of the Psalter,

Psalm 118 and all the Gradual psalms. After each series of psalms some short prayers are said by the priest, who also reads the Gospel. There are divers Gospels for feast-days, but on Sundays, when there is no feast, one out of a choice of eleven Gospels is read. They follow in regular succession, and the liturgical books contain directions and tables to enable the clergy to find the number of the Gospel and the tone for the week (in the Parakletike) for the first Sunday of Lent or any other given Sunday. The aforesaid prayers and the Gospel are read by the priest (assisted by the deacon) inside the sanctuary, the holy gates being thrown open. The deacon sings: "Wisdom, stand straight, let us listen to the Holy Gospel." The priest: "Peace to you all. The Lesson of the Holy Gospel according to St. Matthew" (or whichever it is). The people: "Glory to Thee, Lord, glory to Thee." The deacon: "Listen attentively." After the reading, the Superior sings the anthem, "Contemplating the Resurrection of Christ,"¹ and the community add the 50th Psalm. Meanwhile the priest, in all his priestly robes, leaves the sanctuary with the Gospel book on his breast (as the deacon does at our own High Mass), and places himself in the middle of the choir, the acolyte standing at his right side with a lighted candle. One after the other the brothers come up and kiss the book of the Gospels. When they have finished the Office proceeds, and the deacon says the prayers.

We now come to the canticles together with the canons. We have already seen what a strange, but nevertheless magnificent arrangement they are, and it only remains for me to give the reader an example of a canon. I take the Sunday of the first week of the Parakletike.

The Rubric. After the "Save, O God, Thy people," we begin the canons, saying four verses of the canon of the Resurrection, three of the Cross and the Resurrection, three of the Mother of God, and four of the Saint of the day. But if the latter has an Office of his own, we say six or eight verses, omitting in that case the canon of the Cross and the Resurrection.

Canon of the Resurrection (Anastasimos).

First Canticle; first tone. The Heirmos.

Thy right hand, bearing trophies, is magnified in strength as it becometh God. All-powerful, immortal God, it hath wounded the adversary and did open to the Israelites a way in the depth.

¹ See *Pentecostarion*, p. 7.

Troparia (Verses).

*With His holy hands*¹ He hath formed me of dust in the beginning, a work of God; His hands He did stretch out on the Cross, and He raised up from the earth my corruptible body, which He had assumed from the Virgin (*i.e.*, a corruptible body specifically like mine).

For my sake He was slain and delivered His life unto death, He who did place a soul within my breast by breath Divine. Freeing it from eternal bonds and raising it up with Him, He hath glorified it by incorruptibility.

Theotokion.

Hail, fountain of grace, hail, ladder and gate of Heaven. Hail, golden lamp, and chalice, and rock unchiselled, thou who givest to the world Christ the life-giver.

Canon of the Cross and the Resurrection (Stauroanastasimos).

Heirmos, "Christ is born, praise ye Him" (from Christmas. It is not sung here, but only alleged, as giving the tune to the following stanzas).

Troparia.

Christ made flesh, makes me divine; Christ made humble, elevates me; Christ makes me impassible, the life-giver suffering in the nature of the flesh. Wherefore I will sing a canticle of gratitude, that He may be glorified.

Christ crucified, exalteth me; Christ slain, raiseth me up; Christ graciously granteth me life. Wherefore I will clap my hands in joy and sing unto my Saviour a canticle of victory, that He may be glorified.

Theotokion.

Virgin, thou didst conceive God, thou didst bear Christ in virginity, who took flesh from thee, all-immaculate Virgin, one in person, the only-begotten; two in natures, the Son made visible, that He may be glorified.

¹ As mention is made here of the "holy hands" of God in connection with the creation of man, it may be worth while to point out the parallel existing between the account St. Clement of Rome gives of the creation (1 Cor. xxxiii.) and the words of consecration in the majority of ancient Masses.

St. Clement.

... ἄνθρωπον ταῖς ἱεραῖς καὶ ἁμώμοις
χερσὶν ἔπλασεν. . .
ταῦτα οὖν πάντα τελειώσας, ἐπῆνεσεν
αὐτὰ, καὶ εὐλόγησεν.
καὶ εἶπεν Ἀξάνεσθε, etc.

The Mass.

λαβὼν ἄρτον ἐν ταῖς ἀγλαῖς αὐτοῦ καὶ
ἀχράντοις καὶ ἁμωμήτοις χερσίν. . .
εὐχαριστήσας καὶ εὐλογήσας,
ἀγιάσας. . .
εἰπὼν Ἀββεε, etc.

As far as the subject-matter allows, the *production* of the *first* Adam and the sacramental *re-production* of the *second* are expressed in identical words, and this, as far as I can see in nearly all the liturgies, with very few exceptions (amongst which foremost the Mozarabian).

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Canon of the Most Holy Mother of God.

Heirmos, "Thy right hand bearing trophies."

Troparia.

What canticle worthy of thee, shall our weakness offer thee? Unless it be the graceful salutation to which Gabriel initiated us: Hail, Mother of God, Virgin Mother undefiled.

To the ever-virginal Mother of the King of the powers on high, ye faithful, let us cry in spirit and with a pure heart. Hail, Mother of God, Virgin Mother undefiled.

Unfathomable is the abyss of thy incomprehensible conception, all-holy Virgin; wherefore with unhesitating faith and a pure mind, we approach thee, saying: Hail, Mother of God, Virgin Mother undefiled.

As stated in the rubric, the fourth canon is taken from the *Menaion* of the day, or in default thereof from the "anonymous" Offices, that is, the common of saints.

The second canticle is left out, but the third and all the following are provided with the same number of stanzas for each of the several canons.

The "Great Canon" has been so frequently mentioned in the foregoing pages, that I owe to the reader a specimen of it. I choose the stanzas for the first canticle.

The Rubric. On the evening of Wednesday (of the fifth week of Lent) the signal is given about the fourth hour of the night.

As the Greek Church scarcely ever uses bells, the signal for the beginning of Divine Service consists in the beating of a wooden or iron instrument, called *semanterion*, in neo-Greek *simandro*.

When assembled in church, after the blessing of the priest and the recitation of the Hexapsalmus, we sing the Alleluia and the verses in honour of the Blessed Trinity to the corresponding tune of the week. Then we recite the appointed Kathismata of the Psalter, and the verses in honour of the Apostles, with the Theotokion of the same tone, and we read two chapters of the Life of Blessed Mary of Egypt. Having said the 50th Psalm, we at once begin the "Great Canon" with deep contrition, making at each verse three profound inclinations, saying at the same time: "Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy."

The Great Canon.

A poem of St. Andrew of Crete.

First canticle, second plagial mode.

The Heirmos, "My helper and protector hath come to my

salvation; He is my God, and I will praise Him; the God of my father, and I will exalt Him. For He is mightily glorified." (Twice.)

Troparia.

Whence shall I begin to lament the deeds of my wretched life? Which commencement shall I make, O Christ, of this lamentation? But as a merciful God, grant me remission of my trespasses.

Arise, miserable soul, with thy flesh, and confess to the Creator of all, and withdraw henceforward from thy former wickedness and in penance offer God thy tears.

I acknowledge myself to be Adam, the protoplast, whom I have emulated in transgression, and to be denuded of God by my sins, and of the everlasting kingdom and happiness.

Alas, my wretched soul, why didst thou imitate the first Eve? Thou sawest what is wrong, and wert badly hurt, and didst touch the tree and rashly taste the forbidden fruit.

Instead of the real Eve an imaginary one stood by me, the concupiscence of the flesh, inciting to pleasure, and tasting the bitter draught.

Adam, worthy of Eden, was cast out for not having guarded one commandment of God. O my Saviour, what shall I suffer, who continually disregard Thy life-giving precepts?

Surpassing Cain's murderous designs, I became guilty of murder in conscience; living according to the flesh and labouring for it through wicked deeds.

Nor did I imitate Abel's righteousness, nor give thee, Jesus, acceptable gifts, nor godly deeds, nor pure offerings, nor a blameless life.

Even as Cain did we, my soul, offer to the Creator of all, spotted works and blameworthy gifts and an useless life. Wherefore we are justly condemned.

The potter giving shape to the clay, formed me of flesh and bone and breath and life. But, O my Maker, my Redeemer, and Judge, receive at least the penitent sinner.

I will confess to Thee, Saviour, the sins I committed, and the wounds inflicted on body and soul by deceitful, treacherous thoughts.

Though I have sinned, O Saviour, I know Thou art loving man. Thou smitest compassionately, and showest mercy graciously. Thou seest me crying, and hasteneth like a father and embracest the prodigal son.

Prostrate before Thy door, though late, O Saviour, do not cast me into the depth of Hell. But before my end grant forgiveness of sin, as a merciful God.

As a man fallen into the hands of thieves, I have fallen into wicked thoughts. They have wounded me from head to foot, I am full of sores; but stand Thou by me, Christ Saviour, and heal me.

The priest hath passed by, and the Levite despised the naked man. But Jesus, Son of Mary, stand by and have mercy on me.

Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of all, take away the heavy chains of my sins and mercifully grant forgiveness of them.

Do not execrate me, Saviour, nor cast me away from Thy countenance, but take away the heavy burdens of my sins and mercifully grant forgiveness of them.

Saviour, my wilful sins and the unwillful, the manifest ones and the hidden, the known and the unknown, pardon them, as it behoveth God, be propitiated and heal me.

From my youth, O Saviour, I transgressed Thy precepts; in carelessness and sloth I spent my whole life. Wherefore I cry to Thee, Saviour, save me at least at my end.

The goods of my soul I squandered and am devoid of godly virtue. In my misery I cry to Thee: Father of mercy, come forward and have mercy.

I fall down before Thee, Jesus. I have sinned, but be Thou propitiated; take away the heavy burdens of my sins and mercifully grant me tears of compunction.

Do not enter into judgment with me, sifting my deeds, and weighing my thoughts, and calling my passions to account. But in Thy mercy overlook my crimes and save me, God all powerful.

The second canon in honour of St. Mary of Egypt; same tone and same Heirmos. Bearing the acrostich: Thou, holy Mary, help us!

Saint of God, pray for us!

Thy luminous grace grant me, under Divine providence to escape the darkness of passions and to proclaim joyfully the righteousness of thy life, O Mary.

Saint of God, &c.

Humbled before Christ, thou didst submit to His Divine law, abandoning ungovernable passions and religiously practising virtue.

Troparion of St. Andrew of Crete.

Saint of God, intercede for us.

Through thy intercession, Andrew, deliver me from dire sufferings, and make us, we beseech thee, denizens of Christ's Kingdom, us, who in faith and desire praise thee, noble Saint.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

Supersubstantial Trinity, adorable Unity, take off the heavy burden of my sins and mercifully grant me tears of compunction.

Now and for ever, world without end. Amen.

Theotokion.

Mother of God, help and protection of them that are singing to thee, take off the heavy burden of my sins and, O Lady, receive the penitent sinner.

The second and following canticles are treated in a similar method.

After the sixth canticle the singing is interrupted and the Synaxarion is read, just as we interrupt Prime to read the Martyrology. The Synaxarion is something analogous to the latter. It begins also with the date. For instance: "The month of January, having thirty-one days. The day has ten hours and the night fourteen. On the first day of the same month we celebrate the Circumcision of our Lord, God and Saviour, Jesus Christ." Then follows a distich on the feast, and after that an explanation of the mystery, or a short (or sometimes even a very long) life of the saint, not unlike our historical lessons of the Second Nocturn. The lesson on the Circumcision is none of the longest. The Synaxarion continues thus: "On the same day commemoration of our holy Father (or rather our Father among the saints), Basil the Great, Archbishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia." Now again verses and a short sketch of the life of this great Doctor of the Church. If there were many saints commemorated, the Synaxarion would mention them all in the same fashion. For instance, on the Sunday before Christmas each of those mentioned in the genealogy of St. Luke and all the prophets and principal persons of the Old Law, ninety-five in number, are all recorded with two verses each. But one feels rather sorry for the poet. The reading finishes by: "Through his (the Saint's) intercession have mercy on us, O God." And the Canon is resumed at the seventh canticle. During the singing of the Canon the priest stands in his proper stall (the Greeks scarcely ever sit during the Divine Office; but to render it possible for them to stand during so many hours of the day and of the night, they lean on a kind of crutch), while the deacon incenses the altar and the sanctuary, the holy pictures on the iconostasis (rood-screen), the pictures in each stall, and the monk occupying the stall. As each monk receives the incense he makes a genuflection to the deacon, who returns the salutation by a bow. Towards the end of the Canon, both priest and deacon enter the sanctuary anew and vest again. As in many other cases, so also at this occasion they say the prayers from the sanctuary, the holy gates remaining closed. In rapid succession follow now the Lauds (Psalms 148—150), and the *Gloria in excelsis* (there are two, the greater of them being said on Sundays and feast-days), and the final anthems. On Sundays and feasts of our Lord Matins close

with a peculiar ceremony. The oil which was blessed after Vespers still remains in the choir, and the priest anoints the whole community on their foreheads.

Before continuing this short description of the canonical Office, I will observe that, judging by the titles of our "Nocturns," the proper method of dividing the Hours is to recite one as the night closes in, the next at midnight, and the third in the early morning. We gather this from what we read in Cassian, and from the Rule of St. Columba, and we see it carried out to the letter in the Greek Office. The greater Vespers form the prayer for the first part of the night; next comes the midnight Office, and finally Matins. In our own Roman Office the terms are still to be found, but the original idea is now entirely effaced. In this, as in other points, the Greeks display their sense of beauty, whereas the Roman Church consults practicability. A priest who has passed a considerable part of his day in the confessional, who has to look after schools, to attend at the bedside of the sick and the dying, and who has to fulfil somehow or other the innumerable other duties of his sacred calling, surely, when the evening comes round, willingly makes the sacrifice of such a grand service as I have been describing, and contents himself with an Office that will not keep him up all night. The works of the priestly ministry are a prayer in themselves, one that tends to the glory of God and the edification of his neighbour, as well as to the sanctification of the priest himself.

As Prime is always said immediately after Matins, it begins with the "Come, let us adore," leaving aside the thrice-repeated "Holy" and the other customary introductions. After the three psalms mentioned above, there follow some, but very few prayers, and about forty *Kyrie eleisons*, with the usual inclinations.

During the two Lents preceding Christmas and the feast of the Holy Apostles, the number of the little Hours is doubled. After Prime the Mesorion, the half-hour of Prime, is recited privately, in the cells, by each monk; the same holds good for the Mesoria of the other canonical hours. They are much like the little hours themselves, but of course the psalms are different. The custom of saying these half-hours reminds one strongly of our custom of saying the Little Office of our Lady, or the Office of the Dead, besides the Canonical Office.

After Sext and its Mesorion we find another Office, about

which even men like Rayaecus and Gretser, &c., have been mistaken. Its name is *Typica*, and it is neither more nor less than the choir part of Mass. The Greek Mass, like that of all other Oriental Churches, is invariable. There are scarcely any moveable parts besides the Epistle and the Gospel. True, changes do take place, but it is not an Introit or a Gradual that is changed, but the entire Canon of the Mass. The Greek Church has only two Masses, one ascribed to St. John Chrysostom, and another written probably by St. Basil, and the difference is about the same as if we said on certain days the Roman Mass, and on others the Mass of Milan, whereas with us the Canon of the Mass always remains the same, on whatever day and in whatever colour we celebrate. Now the *Typica*, in a sense, harmonizes the Canon of the Mass with the feast. Psalms 102 and 145 are generally, but not always, recited, after which follow the Beatitudes, together with parts of the Office of the day. On certain days the place of the Beatitudes is occupied by the Antiphona or responses, and the *Typica* finishes with Psalm 33.

After Mass follows dinner, which receives the priest's blessing while the community recite Psalm 144. The grace after dinner is noteworthy, because the prayer is already to be found *in extenso* in the 55th (56th) homily of St. John Chrysostom on St. Matthew, and in the *Apost. Const.* bk. vii. c. 49. Scarcely a word has been changed within the last 1,500 years. It runs as follows: "Blessed be God who feedeth me from my youth, who giveth meat to all flesh. Fill our hearts with joy and gladness, that we be content with little, abounding rather in every good work in Christ Jesus our Lord, through whom glory be to Thee and honour and strength and to the Holy Ghost for ever and ever. Amen. Glory to Thee, O Lord, glory to the Holy One, glory to the King, because Thou gavest us food unto gladness. Fill us with the Holy Ghost, that we be found righteous in Thy sight, and not be filled with confusion, for Thou renderest to each according to his works."

None is said after dinner, and in due time Vespers begin. As I pointed out previously, little Vespers are never omitted in this place, even when there are greater Vespers to open the night service.

Grace before supper is the same as in the Roman Breviary, *Edent pauperes*, but after the meal it is different.

The last Hour of the day is the Apodeipnion or Compline,

the "hour after supper." During Lent it is exceedingly long, but for the rest of the year there are but three psalms and the *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, together with some very beautiful prayers and anthems. And the day closes with a petition to the Blessed Virgin.

It is touching to see the unspeakable devotion of the Greek Church to our Lady. She seems to be the foremost object in their thoughts after the Blessed Trinity and the Saviour. And surely, sooner or later our Lady must hear the many beautiful prayers and anthems that at all hours of the day and of the night are addressed to her. And this Church, proud as she is (and it is pride that has been her ruin), must receive the grace of humility through her who proclaimed that "the Lord had looked on the humility of His handmaid." Before bidding farewell to the Greek Liturgy may I be allowed to transcribe one more anthem in honour of our Lady? Without exercising any choice (there is an *embarras de richesse*) I open the books at random and find the following: "Thou art my assistance, Virgin, thou art my salvation; a wall art thou for me and a place of refuge; thou art my joy and my firm hope. Free me from all wickedness." (Anthol. 415.)

John Janssen, Historian of the German People.

"CHARACTERS that one can really admire," says Goethe, "have grown rare. We can only truly admire those who do not seek themselves. . . . I must acknowledge that I have found such unselfish characters only where there was a deeply grounded religious life and a faith established on an immovable basis, independent of the age, its spirit, and its science." These words, placed by John Janssen at the head of his *Life of Stolberg*, may be set, with equal justice, as a motto above his own.

It is, now, little more than a year since the writer of the *History of the German People* died at the age of sixty-two. No one who is familiar with that great work or with any of the numerous biographies which Janssen wrote, can have pictured the historian to himself as a Dr. Dryasdust, realizing the popular notion which we English, too often, entertain of the typical German scientist and man of letters. His many-sided views, though emphatically German, his deep sympathy with all that is beautiful, and above all his fair-handed dealings with adversaries must have told any, but the most careless reader, that such a writer was no mere bookworm, no plodder whose lack of the more brilliant gifts of mind was compensated for by inexhaustible patience and an iron constitution. The reader of Janssen's works might have discovered at least this much for himself. And now, in the sympathetic and admirably written life-sketch by Dr. Louis Pastor,¹ he would have found such views more than confirmed. The historian of the Popes, a disciple and close friend of Janssen, in this small work, which comes as an earnest of a larger and fuller Life, reveals to us a man, somewhat delicately moulded, of refined tastes, endowed with the enviable gift of making and of keeping many friends, who combined in a rare degree the two-fold gift essential in an historian, a power of deep research with great breadth in the range of his sympathies.

¹ *Johannes Janssen, 1829—1891. Ein Lebensbild von Ludwig Pastor.* Freiburg, 1892.

John Janssen was born at Xanten on the Lower Rhine on the 10th of April, 1829. His father, an old soldier full of anecdotes of the French days, provided his quota towards the family expenses by making baskets. His mother, a strong-minded Christian woman, who died whilst he was still young, kept a small shop. John himself was early put to the engraving trade. But he soon felt dissatisfied with a mere handicraft, and finding friends willing to help him, he obtained a thorough education, and worked with an extraordinary but imprudent energy to make up for lost time. His health was thus early injured, and during the rest of his life gave him so little truce that his great literary fertility, based as it all is on laborious research, fills one with astonishment.

His bent towards historical studies seems to have been natural to him and showed itself in his earliest years. His aunt having once made him a present of Annegarns' *History of the World*, the book became his inseparable companion, he thumbed it so persistently that he literally knew it by heart, and would afterwards say: "Who knows whether I should have become the historian of the German people had I not received that present." His love of listening to stories and of telling them himself were also marked traits of his childhood. At the University of Münster, where he studied theology, and at Louvain, in which he spent many months, his interest in history was always on the increase. But it was at Bonn (1851-3), under the guidance of the historian Ashbach, that he began to specialize in that field of learning, and here he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy on writing his first historical dissertation. He chose as his theme a subject from the history of the middle ages and, well aware of his special powers, selected a biography, that of Wibald, Abbot of Stablo and Corvey.

It was in the same year, 1853, during the Easter holidays, that Janssen formed a friendship which greatly modified his after-career. At Frankfort-on-Maine he met the historian John Frederic Böhmer, a man whose influence on the historical methods of his own country and mediately on that of other nations has been far reaching. To Janssen this friendship was undoubtedly one of the most important events of his youth, not merely affecting his character and his studies, but defining his very life-work itself. Böhmer was charmed beyond measure by his young friend, and opened his mind to him in these earliest conversations. Though no Catholic himself, he assured Janssen of his affection for the old Church and spoke of "her

unparalleled charity and her unequalled solidity." But, as he believed that she had lost her old influence over *the minds* of men, he expressed a wish that, especially in the field of history, Catholics might be forthcoming possessed of the three great literary requisites: a deeply grounded knowledge, a correct judgment, and a talent of exposition. Passing as they spoke before the statue of Charlemagne, Böhmer stopped his companion, and pointing to the effigy of the great Emperor, he said: "This figure tells us what we stand in need of: a history of the German people from the pen of a Catholic historian, for what we have and know as German history is a farce. You Catholics are rightly called 'cross-headed,' for you deserve the cross they put upon you." From that time onward Janssen kept it before him as a fixed idea that he would be that historian. Böhmer did not cease to encourage him, and so writing to him the following year he says: "There can certainly be no grander and more fruitful task than the popular exposition of German history—if we understand popular in its nobler sense: an exposition, appealing to the educated public in powerful language, in which the utmost use is made of the latest researches. I consider him worthy of praise, who puts before himself, in his youth, so high an endeavour. We must raise ourselves to lofty and noble aims, and from them draw strength and courage and the power of self-sacrifice." Years were to pass away before Janssen addressed himself to this chosen work. It was only when he had reached to the fullest use of his faculties in his later forties that he put his hand to it. But never during the intervening twenty years did he relinquish the ambition which had thus early filled him.

Those twenty years were years of hard work and of much suffering. In the course of them he was ordained priest (1860), he travelled to Rome (1863), he took his place on the Reichstag (1875), he made numerous friends, he endured the daily drudgery of teaching history in the Gymnasium of Frankfort, he published many a heavy volume of the Imperial correspondence from the city archives, he wrote numerous biographies, and with all this he passed through many a sickness both slight and grave, and was ever and again wrenched by some new separation inflicted by the hand of death. At last the time came for his great effort.

Soon after the Franco-German War he commenced the History. In a certain sense, that war in its result was the occasion of his work. Writing to a friend at the moment

of the German triumph, he says: "God be praised, now we can again write a History of Germany with joy!" Filled with that peculiar patriotism, which distinguishes his race, he had contemplated with sorrow the position which Germany had for so long a time occupied in European politics. His studies had told him of the splendid position which the Empire had filled in mediæval Europe when, as we know, the Kings of France and England regarded the Emperor as their suzerain, at least theoretically, and only used the title of "Majesty" with his express permission.¹ In Janssen's love of Germany had engendered a deep distrust of France, as early as 1861 he put forth a treatise on the French thirst for the Rhine.² In that work he even seems to express a wish for war. "What no theory of unity and no party programme can effect," he wrote, "a popular war can bring about. For it gives a new impulse to the life of the nation. All, whether from the North or the South, are welded together, and the differences of race and Government disappear in the presence of a common danger and suffering, of a common victory and glory." He did not share, Dr. Pastor tells us, the strong antipathy of his friend Böhmer for the North Germans, but longed, in some shape or other, to see once more a Greater Germany arise. The conclusion of the war and the new Empire caused him an intense joy and seemed to inspire his pages. It was as a true lover of his country that he appealed to the whole nation in his History. The period dealt with is of far too delicate a character for any but such a devoted patriot to treat with any chance of a hearing. And if we remember how high the feeling between the creeds has ever run in Germany, we can only account for his success by recognizing that he struck with precision the chord of national sentiment. But even this well-loved harmony was not potent to charm away the evil spirit of sectarian prejudice. He was a German of the Germans and this they loved in him, but he was a Catholic pulling down their fondest idols, and this they could not brook. Though the comparative greatness of Germany at the period of which it treats especially in the fields of art and education, is a fact that cannot be gainsaid, still the first volume of the History is apt to leave the impression of somewhat high colouring even on an Englishman; what its effect on readers of other and less friendly nations might be, we can better imagine than express. And

¹ See Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire*, c. xv.

² *Frankreich Rheingelüste*. Herder.

yet, notwithstanding this, all must recognize that as a national historian this seeming weakness was his essential strength.

Janssen in the first letter of the first series, which he addressed to his friend Steinle by way of answering his critics, lets us know what his conception was of his duties as an historian: "In writing history all the bitterness of the confessions and all enmity should be laid aside. Those who are versed in the Protestant literature on the Reformation know how many of their historians directly attack not only Catholic doctrine, but all that is dearest to a Catholic heart. I anxiously strove against such an abuse. I avoided all expressions of personal opinion. . . . I have withheld any subjective judgment and have adduced as witnesses either the Reformers themselves or others unimpeachable by Protestants. I do not condemn any one who, under the influence of his education and of the surroundings in which he has grown up, still regards the founders of Protestantism as great and beneficent men. But I, an historian, have the right and the duty to obtain certainty from the sources themselves as to whether they should be considered higher instruments for the propagation of God's Kingdom on earth, and I have to set forth their public lives and works as indisputable facts require." If we turn to the History itself we at once perceive what Janssen's method of work was, and how closely he adhered to the principles he had laid down for himself. It is for the most part a mosaic, extracts from contemporaries are fitted in with the statements of trustworthy authorities of a later date and combine together to form a perfect whole. This is especially the case in his account of such men as Luther, in which the heretic's own words is the groundwork on which he builds.

Perhaps some might be inclined to think that the treatment meted out to Erasmus is scarcely as impartial as that accorded to the arch-heretics themselves. Or is it that in England we are somewhat prejudiced in favour of the great Dutchman owing to his friendship with Blessed Thomas More? Rightly or wrongly, Erasmus comes in for severe handling and is depicted as the Voltaire of the Reformation. A scoffer certainly he was, but was he a heretic or the abettor of heretics? "They lie most impudently who say that this Lutheran conflagration has been kindled by my writing," he expostulates in a letter to Sir Thomas, "for no one has been able to point out one condemned proposition which I have in common with Luther."¹

¹ Ep. 345 (See Father Bridgett's *Blessed Thomas More*, pp. 83, 280.)

The first volume was completed by the beginning of 1878. It traces the degree of civilization reached by the German people at the close of the fifteenth century, the period immediately preceding the Reformation. The volume was received with enthusiasm and read all over Germany. Never before had a Catholic book so penetrated beyond the Protestant pale. It spoke of an age glorious in the history of the country, when by virtue of their invention of typography,¹ and by right of their position in the domains of art and education, the Germans exercised a more real influence on Europe than they had ever done by the force of that Empire which Voltaire, with some little truth, said was principally remarkable as being neither holy, nor Roman, nor an Empire. In the early part of 1879 the second volume was in the hands of the public. It brings the reader face to face with the heroes of the Reformation, and here naturally enough the truth must needs offend. But the full bearing of this strictly accurate method of writing history was not obvious to all at once. Many, even of the sternest Lutherans, still were loud in their praise. But we may judge how unexpected a revelation the History made, how complete the havoc it caused, by the words of an English Protestant publication. The *Christian Register* referring to it in 1885, says: "Never again can the halo of sanctity which enveloped the names of the great Reformers be attributed to them: what was already known to the learned as a fact, has now become the common property of the people." And the *Athenæum* of December 6th, 1884, in a not very friendly review of a work on Luther, written in English by Dr. Verres, speaks thus: "The battle over Luther which is now waging in Germany, and which is not one merely of books and magazines, but even of the daily newspapers, can hardly be said to have sprung from the recent Luther celebration. It dates practically from the publication of Janssen's *Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes* in 1881-2. The celebration may really be said to have been a success owing to the controversy. Faulty and partisan as Janssen's book undoubtedly is (*sic*), it still marks an epoch in the progress of historical scholarship in Germany. With its mass of new material, its careful selection, its width of grasp, and its essentially popular character, it as far surpasses Von Ranke's *History of Germany at the Time of the Reformation*, as the latter book itself threw historians of the

¹ We must remember that it was typography and not printing that Gunstenberg invented, *i.e.*, separate letters and the art of casting them in metal.

calibre of Menzel into the shade. That the ordinary account of the Reformation and Luther to be found in the works of a certain class of Protestant theologian is purely mythical was a fact undoubtedly known to those historical students who had investigated the period at first-hand; they sighed in silence over Carlyle's *Hero-Worship*, and laughed at Mr. Froude. But when in 1881 Dr. Janssen produced his crushing examination of the Luther myth, there was a tremendous uproar in Germany."

It was the appearance of the third volume that finally brought home to the Protestant party the necessity of attempting the defence of their position. Their anger was doubtless all the greater on account of the praise they had first been led to give to Janssen's work. We may well believe, that for the most part, as they accepted the teaching of former historians—and Protestant historians had heretofore had it all their own way—the ordinary Protestant reader could not have conceived that so honest a method of writing history as that adopted by Janssen could prove in the long run prejudicial to their cause. Nor when they came to attack could they find any positive statements made by Janssen, any mere assertions, which they could seize hold of. Their favourite charge was that of an unfair tendency or a bias. This bias, they maintained, was given to the History sometimes by the arrangement of the materials and sometimes by a dishonest silence. A veritable storm of weak argument and strong abuse burst forth. Pastors and professors, students and journalists all over the country, contributed each his share. This violence disgusted many, the well-known Protestant historian, Gregorovius, said of it: "Every Lutheran seminarist and preacher cools his paltry anger on Janssen. He is treated as an outlaw. The abuse showered on him is unbearable." Many tried to show unconcern and contempt, but their anger and excitement belied their words. They felt, only too surely, that a master had come on the field of history whom they could not assail with impunity. They could, however, call him names, and this they did freely enough: he was "a religious fanatic," "a mere juggler in the realm of history," "a concealer of the truth," "a poisoner," "a man guilty of perfidy," and "like unto the blasphemer given over by Paul into the hands of the wicked ones."

From mere words they passed on to threats not only of personal violence, but even of religious war, pointing out with pride the enormous preponderance of their power, thirty millions

of Protestants to swallow up the fifteen million Catholics of Germany!

We will not dwell any longer on this topic; impotent rage offers a pitiful spectacle. It is pitiful in a strong man, but still more so in a great people. England has not always kept so unruffled a temper but that she needs keeping in countenance by her philosophical cousins.

Throughout this violent onslaught John Janssen preserved his serenity. He still continued peacefully to work at his History on the same lines. But when at last he feared its permanent value might be compromised by complete silence, he put forth an admirable answer to his opponents in the series of letters already mentioned. The book was entitled, *An Meine Kritiker*. Each of the thirty-eight letters it contains deals with some special charge. In these letters, though his historical lore stands him in good stead, still it is often rather as a controversialist than as an historian that he strikes. Unable, as we have said, to attack the accuracy of his statements, his adversaries had used the opportunity to air their doctrines and to decry, in good old Protestant fashion, such familiar bugbears as the Pope, the Mass, our Lady and the saints, Purgatory, and pilgrimages, &c. In the History Janssen had with great propriety avoided all such questions. When he wrote history he wrote history, and neither taught catechism nor preached a sermon. But in these letters we have a proof of the thoroughness of his doctrine and the simplicity of his devotion. With no show of temper, he lucidly and briefly exposes these great truths of Catholic teaching, and again and again rises to passages of real eloquence as he speaks of matters which lie so near his heart. To single out one instance; there is a splendid page in the seventeenth letter in which he defends the Church from the "significant voucher" to her impotence to sanctify her children, which Herr Ebrard thought he had discovered in the dissolute life of that most unscrupulous autobiographer, Benvenuto Cellini.

The defence was, of course, received differently by the different parties. But Janssen had the consolation of knowing that many Protestants regarded him as successful in the result. The Berlin *Tageblatt* wrote of it that it would increase Janssen's reputation, "for all unprejudiced parties must allow that he had brilliantly answered his antagonists." The Frankfort *Observer* found in this writing "Lessing's style and clearness with

Macaulay's¹ lively method of exposition." Paul Förster, in the *Deutschen Literaturblatt*, expressed his opinion that "Janssen had unquestionably come forth as victor." Otto Hammann said of him, "Objective calm and urbanity never forsake him for a moment, and he never lets a word escape, even against those who reproach him with disloyalty."

Meanwhile, the Lutherans had established a society to protect their special view of German history. It was composed of many learned men and pastors, and bore the name of the Reformation-History Union. A Berlin literary journal aptly describes it as a society for the preservation of the Luther myth. A few months later, in the beginning of 1883, Janssen brought out a second series of letters. This dealt with further difficulties brought forward especially by his three antagonists, Ebrard, Kawerau, and Baumgarten. These polemical efforts interfered sadly with the historian's work, but in due course the fifth and sixth volumes appeared. At one time he had formed the resolution of drawing his History to a close with these volumes. This resolution was successfully combated by Herr Windthorst in the name of the Central party. Janssen consented to continue to write, but none the less the sixth was destined to be the last volume to be published by himself.

Worn out by unceasing toil, and exhausted by ever-recurring illness, he entered, in the middle of November, 1891, into what proved to be his last illness. Though there were some periods of hope, he gradually sank, and died on December the 23rd. In one sense his death was premature. But he did not die until his real life-work was accomplished. That the History was unfinished is a detail to be regretted, just as we regret that the *Summa* of St. Thomas was left incomplete. But Janssen had not lived in vain. A light had been thrown on the Reformation period which will never be extinguished, a Catholic historical movement had been started which will not again easily come to a standstill. Never will *The History of the German People* be supplanted by any future work. It broke new ground, but it so effectively put that ground under cultivation that its best crops have been already yielded. John Janssen's name will ever be held in reverence among the faithful of Germany, to be recorded with those of Mallinkrodt and Windthorst whenever the glorious story of the Catholic movement is told.

CHARLES GALTON.

¹ Among Janssen's favourite authors were Macaulay and Newman.

The Zambesi Mission.

FATHER KERR'S ARRIVAL AT FORT SALISBURY.

WE left our travellers at Fort Victoria, and though the end of the weary journey was nearing, some heavy trials were yet to be endured. The bright tone of Father Kerr's narrative almost deceives us as to the extent of the difficulties they had to pass through. They had all but entirely relied on the guns for their supply of meat, and their continuous ill-luck in that respect must greatly have increased their hardships. This, combined with the want of any milk, food, or vegetables, "after a time began to tell." Kaffir corn-pap, boiled rice, black coffee, and milkless tea came round with alarming persistency. As for the Sisters, the only exceptions they enjoyed in the way of comforts were mattresses and milk, and the latter they used indeed very sparingly.

"On reaching Victoria the first exclamation might have been: Where is the town and the fort? so insignificant and desolate did it seem. The magistrate, twelve men, and a Maxim gun were gone to quell a dispute, and that pretty nearly meant the whole fort and town. Two of the British Central African Police found us out, however, and gave us all the information we required, while the gold commissioner, Mr. Vigers (acting in place of the resident magistrate), after we had looked at the plan of the new town, was most suggestive and kind in helping me to secure good sites. Practically no one can settle on the Gold Belt, and this reduces the available land. I saw some rich specimens in the office, the best was in Sir John Willoughby's camp. The same spot had been prospected more than once without result. The Willoughby syndicate burnt and found. At the post office a large budget awaited us, for which I had 5s. 8d. to pay.¹ Father Prestage was sending a wagon to meet us. Father Hartmann

¹ The British South African Company has since joined the Postal Union.

was still out alone on mission work, while Fort Salisbury admired his pluck."

Our readers may like a short account of some of this Father's work and experiences on first reaching Fort Salisbury with the pioneers in September, 1890, before we give Father Kerr's account of one of his later adventures. When the fortification of the camp was completed and the pioneers were disbanded, the good Father endeavoured to make his own domestic arrangements. This was not easy, as his sole possessions were a knife, fork and spoon, drinking-horn and plate. He procured an old pan, and in this he managed to boil his coffee and cook what meat or other food he might have. By degrees he bought earthenware from the natives, and built himself a hut before the rains set in. He then began to nurse the sick. One of the Brothers had fever, and one of the pioneers was laid up with violent rheumatism. He attended to them in every way, washed their clothes and their linen, and arranged beds for them as best he could, while any leisure was spent in studying the language. Meantime he received an order from his Superior to give opportunity for the sacraments to any Catholics on the station. These, however, were scattered in twos or threes through the country, the rains were very heavy, the rivers unusually swollen, news came in constantly of accidents in crossing them, lions were troublesome, and finally the country was covered with the deep native traps for large game, "but," said the Father, "God's will was indicated to me and I rejoiced to have the opportunity of practising obedience under circumstances that made it more meritorious." To save his horse, and in order to carry his portable altar, he had to limit his other luggage to a blanket, some black coffee, and a few biscuits. The journey began with a terrific downpour which drenched him in two minutes, though a hot sun dried him again. This was followed by a second drenching, accompanied by an icy wind. A fellow-traveller was knocked down with fever in consequence. The country was everywhere so saturated, that a wagon in which the owner had given Father Hartmann a lift, sank to the axle, and two span of oxen and ten more from a passing sleigh could hardly draw it out. This happened repeatedly, and the sleigh had to pass on: he therefore resumed his riding, and a native with a gun was sent to accompany him by his kind fellow-travellers. He hoped to overtake the sleigh party before nightfall, and thinking that at a certain point he

perceived their tents within reach, he sent back the native. He had been deluded however by a mirage, and no traces anywhere could he find of them. Alone on the banks of the river at nightfall, in a country infested by lions, with much difficulty he found a ford, and eventually succeeded in reaching the others.

Much the same kind of thing next day, with soaking ground to lie on, and meal boiled in rain-water for food. He soon lighted on some squatters, three of whom were Catholics, and two Protestants. He said Mass every day, and the former went to the sacraments. They had named their camping-ground St. Mary's Reefs, and the Falls of the Manyami near by, St. Mary's Falls. One of the party was very ill, and reduced to a mere skeleton. Similar dangers beset the Father during his search for other parties of Catholics, during which he went to a Kaffir village to get bearers to carry the sick man. The chief was lying with his face to the ground, but received him kindly, and made him take a bowl of native beer (presented kneeling to the chief by one of his wives), also some corn pap very difficult to swallow, in comparison with which he said, a piece of black bread would have been luxury. The chief willingly lent him carriers, and gave him a cask and some meal, but the men deserted, and proved most troublesome, and only after endless annoyances could they bring the sick man in to Fort Salisbury. This return took place in January, 1891.

After Easter he made another expedition, equipped in similar fashion, *i.e.*, portable altar, black coffee in a stocking, some black bread, and two blankets. Heavy rains again had made the country almost impassable, and his horse once got dangerously bogged. Two native servants left him in the lurch at the crossing of a stream, to which his horse had strongly objected. There was no means of finding the path they were to show him, night fell, and alone, in the heart of the lion country, the missionary collected wood for his fire, ate some bread, and reciting with peculiar joy the prayer for grace, "*Ad cœnam vitæ æternæ*," his Rosary, &c., he slept as best he could, and renewed the fire from time to time till dawn. By the middle of the day, and with incredible difficulty, he reached the Kaffir village he sought, and thankfully took some hot porridge made by the wife of the chief. For forty-one hours he had only taken a cup of black coffee, a piece of black bread, and a frugal supper, and

the hot meal was welcome. A bad attack of fever in the village of another chief, who tried to force him to give up his blankets and gun, and another solitary night in the open when he was recovering, and hardly able to stand, brought this expedition to a close. He spent the night safely, but in the morning his horse was gone. He was too weak to walk home, and as best he could he began to search for it. In vain. He then put his case under the charge of the Holy Souls, and turning round, saw his horse about one hundred yards from him. On reaching Fort Salisbury severe fever came on, but the kindness of every one pulled him through. "It is astonishing," he said, "how soon you become accustomed to sleep on the ground, with the saddle, or your boots, as a pillow!"

In July, 1892, Father Kerr tells us that Father Hartmann was still out on the mission alone. The tribe with whom he then was stationed seems to have been specially given to witchcraft and demoniacal practices. "The chief is so afraid that Father Hartmann means to bewitch him by 'writing in his book,' that he refuses to see him, thus sacrificing his presents. The ancestral spirit is much honoured, and the chief had consulted him when the Fathers came. Father Hartmann knows the language well, but cannot yet overcome this. The brother of the chief came one day with battle-axe and assegai, in a most excited state, and challenged the Father to fight. He sat down behind him, but the Father bade him go in front. The excitement of the savage became so great, that his body shook with convulsions as he advanced. Father Hartmann owns to having prepared internally for his last hour; but he answered nothing to the repeated defiance, only calmly fixing the infuriated man with his eye, and presently the latter quieted down, and accepted some limbo, a little salt, and a looking-glass, and went his way. Here the poor Father had a great sorrow. He had been doctoring a man successfully for a bad leg, when to his horror he heard that his patient had been *burnt for witchcraft*! Our mission station seems really the devil's head-quarters. However, the chief has given Father Hartmann leave to settle and build.

"The people are numerous and the country large, but they live scattered in small kraals. Accurate information seems impossible to get at present. We have come across some natives who were taught at Penda-ma-Tenga, our former mission. We like the Zambesi 'boys' we have met best of all. Our

Fathers have certainly a good name, which is bearing fruit. May we do our best to retain it! I have not yet got the mission of Matollo (so called after the late chief) positioned, but from what I can hear, it must be about long. $32^{\circ} 10'$, lat. $19^{\circ} 30'$, about ninety miles east of Salisbury, and perhaps some twenty miles square in extent."

After this digression we must remind our readers that Father Kerr and companion had walked to Fort Victoria from the wagons, and having done their business returned to them in the evening. The three Catholics of the station came over for their duties, and in the morning made their Easter Communion. "At 1 a.m. Father Richartz, Father Barthélemy, and Brother Meyer, with guides and carriers, started for the famous Zimbabwe ruins, a distance of about fifteen miles. A beautiful moonlight night—I envied them their walk! In the forenoon I walked over to the old town, was kindly entertained by Mr. Vigour, and saw some more of the two police, who seem excellent young men. I should have recognized S—— as belonging to his family, and he sustains the credit of St. Aidan's in these wild parts."

We would gladly have given our readers some extracts from the interesting account by Father Barthélemy of the expedition to Zimbabwe, very deeply interesting, as we should expect, but the famous place has been so much discussed and so often described in print lately, that we prefer to keep to our own beat and continue the missionary narrative. It is very curious to compare together the various speculations of travellers as to the vicissitudes through which this land must have passed, for such results to remain of a civilization, otherwise so utterly obliterated that we have no means so far of weaving a story for them.

Before the party left Fort Victoria, two or three young Catholics, whom they had lately seen *en route*, walked from their quarters and spent the day with the Fathers, and a young prospector came for Mass. The nights were cold and the grass poor, so they hurried on, and now learnt with some dismay that the coming part of the journey over the high country was the most dreaded by transport riders and the most fatal to oxen. If caught in a winter storm on the High Veldt, the consequences were serious. Last year the De Beer's expedition lost fifty oxen, another seventy-eight, others in same proportion. Hardly one wagon in ten escaped free. The cattle suffer from the

change to such grass, and many become so weak they cannot go on.

"We left Victoria, Monday, July 11th. A drift gave us trouble and we did not get far, but that day outspanned near a native village of tiny huts dotted about on low granite boulder kopjes, so stationed for shelter from the Matabele, and perhaps to be above fever range. Here we met the wagon sent by Father Prestage in charge of 'Van Yict' (whom our readers know). On Wednesday we outspanned in a desolate place, a noteworthy day for the log. Firstly, head-quarters were transferred to Father Prestage's wagon. Though we do not know its history, it is evidently one that had belonged to some of the first Fathers, and it has lately seen service with Father Hartmann, with whom it once entirely capsized in a river and got much knocked about. On our journey too it lost an off-wheel recently repaired by the Brothers. The Germans reverence the past (we understand this to mean the *past of their own journey*), were delighted to be housed on board the 'Jerome,' and welcomed the new arrival as a dear companion. Secondly, the Dutchman was anxious about his oxen. He transferred his load to a friend passing down, who selected twenty of his best, accepted half the freight, and became our guide along the way. Our hopes ran high once more of reaching Fort Salisbury, as he said, in sixteen days. An old St. Aidan's boy passed with his down mail-cart and dined with us, took our letters, and went on his way to Fort Victoria and Tuli. Hardly had we commenced our trek when the Administrator, Dr. Jameson, was sighted driving south with his six-span mule cart.

"He kindly stopped and came to greet us, and seemed much interested by the arrival of our party, and said he hoped to be back in Fort Salisbury to meet us. Thursday we spent at Makori, which stands more than eleven hundred feet above Victoria. Around it are gathered many quasi-independent native villages, it seems above the fever range, and there is plenty of good farm land. A Mr. A. L. Coole is store-keeper, field-cornet, inspector of telegraph line, post-master, and general resident. He made himself extremely agreeable. He had noticed this place as he passed up with the pioneers, and returned straightway armed with various titles and pegged off nine farms. I felt inclined to peg off the tenth, and a very slight expression of God's will would have made me halt. Makori

seemed to possess every requisite,¹ and all were inclined to it. However, there seemed not sufficient reason for change of plans, and we made fresh arrangements of oxen for passing through the *terra deserta atque inaquosa*, as it was declared that Berry's admired red span would not reach Salisbury alive without some rest. So all the spare oxen were inspanned and one poor creature was left behind. Before leaving Mr. Coole showed me a curious retreat in case of a Matabele raid, a natural fortress, which could be held by a single man against a hundred. It was capped by a thatched hut inhabited by a poor chief, or chief's relation, whose hands had been cut off by the Matabele.

"As we crept higher and higher along the watershed, bush and grass gradually disappeared, till at last we reached, on the feast of St. Henry, a spot we named the "last tree." It had been arranged the Superior's name-feast should be kept then. The kind wishes of all were expressed the night before, and Masses and Communions promised, and I in turn offered up Mass for the community. The refectory *menu* embraced what was possible consistent with a Friday feast on Mashona heights! Next morning desert, burnt grass, and hills, here and there a granite boulder. Close to the wagon a neglected grave. We had some difficult climbs to cross. Presently a great commotion in Father Barthélemy's division, and we learnt the Sisters had lost one of the precious kittens! After a long trek in the dark we outspanned, and next morning revealed the most desolate spot we had yet seen. No shelter of any sort or kind from the howling piercing wind. The Sisters had their tent, but were unable to make a fire. We laagered our wagons, and in this way thought we had secured shelter for Mass. Father Richartz had contrived quite a tabernacle within, and Mass was begun with every confidence. But little black things kept showering themselves on the altar, and at last it dawned on me the grass had only just been burnt. The wind circled round our laager and the burnt remains found refuge in our sanctum as autumn leaves in a sheltered corner on a windy day. The credence cloth was covered. Father Richartz had to say his Mass in the tent, which only afforded partial shelter. The day passed drearily enough. The wind increased, and food was cooked with difficulty. The Kaffir boys were perishing with cold. The oxen somewhere on the horizon trying to get a bite. The future became anxious. Sunday afternoon devotion in the laager, and

¹ A mission-station has since, we understand, been started there by the Fathers.

Rosary was ordered to be said publicly and privately every day for protection for the rest of the journey. When darkness set in the oxen had strayed and it was a race against time to find them. The wagons outspanned on the only bit of grass about. It was evident that on the night of the conflagration wagons were standing there, and they only managed to save themselves from destruction by burning the grass round them in good time, so that the raging line of fire had nothing to feed on. As night went on the clouds thickened, the storm increased, and a wet driving mist set in, a real south-easter. We had to outspan on the open sandy veldt, tie up the oxen, and get what rest we could.

"We managed to send the Sisters some hot rice and the kettle. At 2.30 a.m. the order to inspan was given, but I had to administer a 'tot' all round to put some life into the staff. It was an anxious moment for the oxen, as after lying in the cold and wet (and rest they must), animals sick and exhausted, or any way below par, stiffen with the cold and never rise again. It was a great relief when I heard all the wagons move on without a single defaulter. The weather had no way improved, but on we rolled for two or three hours till we came to a solitary stone, a wild spot, half way between Makari and Fort Charter. The oxen could not travel in the wet, as the humps get sore, so we laagered the wagons again, and Father Richartz prepared a snug place for Mass, but all was so wet and dirty that we had to yield to circumstances and give up. We were now in the highest part of Mashonaland, just over five thousand feet.

"During the forenoon the weather gradually cleared, and by the afternoon all was sunny and dry again. We had really passed through what we had most feared: a storm on the hills, and, thank God, without loss. Next day, when our oxen were grazing on a wooded slope, the long grass was suddenly fired and presented a grand appearance, the flames leaping ten feet high as they were driven before the breeze. Next morning at daylight the up post-cart drove past. Fitzpatrick jumped out on his return journey. He had had trouble with the 'boys.' As they had not a stitch on in spite of the cold, the night before he had pitied them and bestowed a blanket on each, whereupon they made off, and gave him a rare chase before he overtook them. At Umicati, an excellent grass, so we resolved to rest twenty-four hours. Mr. Henry Short has

farmed here. He showed us his first beginnings; his kraal circling round a kopje is a model. He had already planted many trees. Natives from all parts came to trade, and he said the country was healthy. He had been raided by a tribe beyond the Sabi, but afterwards got compensation. The Matabele are not the only enemy, the tribes raid each other, and speak well of the former, whom they say behave fairly as long as they pay their tribute.

"Natives came freely to the wagon to barter. We find the diaries and maps of the first Fathers very useful. Father Boos, who keeps us posted with these reminiscences, declared we were now crossing the path of Father Law and Father Wehl in their expedition to Umzila's kraal. The deaths of such valuable Fathers was certainly a most mysterious dispensation of Providence, and we refreshed our souls by talking over their journey and their sufferings. We chanced to have a MS. volume of Father Law's Meditations with us, and in some form or another we all profited by his thoughts on the feast of St. Mary Magdalen."

At this point we will briefly remind our readers of the awful journey to death undertaken in 1880 by Father Law and Father Wehl, accompanied by Brothers de Sadeleer and Hedley. The first part of their journey they travelled in company with a party of English sportsmen and explorers, but the routes separated and the Fathers betook themselves towards the country of Umzila, watered by the Sabi, the deadly course of which reaches the sea at a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles from the head-quarters of the chief. Competent men in the Colony had considered the expedition possible, but those parts were little known, in fact, as it proved, absolutely unknown and untrudged by white men. Among the struggles, once in crossing the Sabi they plunged into a hole so deep that it took the leader to his chin in water and the man disappeared—while the wheels struck so big a rock that they had to be outspanned in the river and the wagon drawn out backwards. Pitfalls abounded ten to fifteen feet deep, into one of which the first ox fell, as well as one of the Brothers. Happily, they saw plenty of game, and their guns kept them supplied with fresh meat, of which their Kaffirs or the animals consumed all they did not use themselves. The first great horror: Father Wehl disappeared one day as he was walking ahead some two hundred feet from the wagon, and was no more seen! All efforts to

find him proved unavailing. Soon they were followed by a swarm of angry natives whose intentions they supposed to be the worst, and Father Wehl's disappearance seem to confirm their fears. Then came the moment when Father Law with grief resolved the wagon must be abandoned. Leading the oxen, they lighted big fires to deceive their enemies, and started on the lonely march. Father Law's horse fell and had to be left. The burdens each carried had gradually to be diminished, and ball and cartridges had to be buried. On the Assumption, Mass was said by Father Law on a rock near the Sabi, and the Brothers received Communion. They reached Umzila's kraal, situated on flat, marshy ground, by the end of August, in a state of great exhaustion, and though well received by the chief, the latter wanted them to start back with his men, who were to ensure the wagon being safely returned to them.

Brother de Sadeleer was sent off with a party for the purpose. They suffered frightfully from that moment. The hut assigned to them, when it was proved that Father Law was too ill to move, was suffocating, the only ventilation being through the small low entrance, and the savages thronged it perpetually to satisfy their curiosity. Father Law, prostrate with fever, underwent what proved to be a long agony till November 25th, on which day he died. His last Mass was said on October 15th. He was only able to stand upright by means of a cord slipped under his arms to support him. Almost the only food given to him by the natives was the Kaffir meal, which he could no longer take. Brother Hedley was for long stretched by his side with a terrible ulcer. Two snakes stayed in the hut and fed on the vermin which would otherwise have overrun them. Meanwhile Brother de Sadeleer's adventures had been many. After his return to the wagon, he heard Father Wehl had been found in a terrible state by a chief, and fairly well treated; eventually he was rescued and generously looked after by a party of Englishmen. He was able to join Brother de Sadeleer at the wagon, but his health was permanently injured, and the mind soon gave way entirely. After Father Law's death, Brother Hedley was carried by Umzila's porters in a pitiable condition to the wagon. What a meeting! His wounds and sores were dressed, and he was tenderly nursed by Brother de Sadeleer, and he gradually regained strength. Brother de Sadeleer now saw he must endeavour without delay

to reach Sofala, a distance of less than two hundred miles, in order to get the help which was daily more urgently required. This was the course Father Law had recommended. The Brother wished to go alone, as Father Wehl was quite unfit to travel, but the latter determined to accompany him, while Brother Hedley was left in charge of the wagon, and his journey to the sea, through the magnificent tropical vegetation of a beautiful but deadly country, forms the last chapter of the terrible tragedy. Eleven months after their first start on the fatal expedition, the two started for the coast. Father Wehl became delirious on the way, and after a terrible journey, reached Sofala only to die. The Governor and the other Portuguese manifested their faith by the unbounded reverence and devotion they showed to the missionaries, and the whole population, Catholic, Protestant, and pagan, followed the solemn procession with the body to the grave. Brother de Sadeleer hastened back to the wagon with ten Kaffir carriers, and with Brother Hedley commenced to travel back to the Mission of Gabulawayo, which was only accomplished after further struggles and hardships. It may be conceived what the anxiety of the Fathers of the Mission had been, as alarming reports of the missionaries trickled in from time to time, while every effort made by them and others to convey help miscarried and failed. The joy and sorrow of the meeting may also be imagined. "It is in such a moment," wrote Brother de Sadeleer, "that the joy of belonging to the Society of Jesus is felt to the very depths of the soul, and what it is to be sustained, helped, and consoled by our brethren, who are so full of charity and devotedness."

To return to our travellers, in July, 1892. God be praised such infinite horrors have so far been spared them. May God keep them throughout in every enterprise. Father Kerr writes: "We bivouacked at a spruit we named the Milky Way, from the colour of the water, and in the evening did the first part of a very heavy sandy veldt ride to Fort Charter. The poor oxen had a hard struggle for nearly three hours, and then we had to stop short of our goal. Next morning we trekked at 2 a.m., and reached Fort Charter just at daylight. Four guns went out to shoot, and by a cruel irony of luck Berry's dog coursed and devoured a young steinbok, the only bag! In the evening I walked up to the dismantled fort and dilapidated huts, and found the white men, one down with

fever and the other nursing him, the telegraphist and the store-keeper. It was a sorry sight. I did not overtake the wagons till they had made their seven miles trek. Near a good water we spent what we confidently hoped might be our last Sunday on the road. Father Barthélemy said late Mass with a 'few words' at four o'clock, Rosary, litanies, and some hymns; and at daylight we crossed the Umpili River, rather a hard drift, but excellent water; grass all burnt, however, even to the river-sides.

"Here we helped to recover some oxen supposed to be dying which belonged to two men who were camping on this spot. One of the men has a relic of De Beer's great trek last year. They left Kimberley sixty strong, lost five hundred oxen on the way, and settled down to farming near Salisbury. Their leader died, and the party broke up. Only five young men are still in the country. The other has a prospection, an interesting man. He had small faith in the gold. One of our drivers had fits yesterday, but they are passing off. Another, one of our best, seems always at the last gasp. It is really hard work in difficult bits, the flogging and shouting at the patient ox. This is the first day of the Novena to St. Ignatius. We follow the German custom and make it publicly. I am quite content to leave the rest of the journey and the day of arrival in St. Ignatius' keeping—so we advance without concern—but should like to be at Fort Salisbury on the 29th, and at Loyola Farm on the eve of the feast. The party were now again in the lion country, and camp fires were resumed. One of the Brothers heard a roar of the king of beasts, at least so he declared. The next water was too far to reach in one trek, and so a shooting party was organized who went and returned as usual. It is good practice however for the Brothers at the outset of their missionary work, and they readily go. As for the Fathers, they show no inclination to join, and only necessity, I think, would induce them to handle the 'Winchester.' The country since Umniati seems depopulated owing to former raids. We are longing to be at our journey's end and at work. Loyola Farm is talked over day by day. It is about twelve miles north-east of Salisbury, and is twelve thousand acres in extent. It is said to be surrounded by hills and to have three rivers running through. The treks varied from four to eight miles during the next two or three days. One of four hours (some ten miles) to the Hanyani River which was further than we expected.

Here we met a man on horseback who proved to be Mr. Watkins of the hospital, armed with letters from Father Prestage and the Mother Superior. He had been waiting since yesterday, and had ridden on seven miles to reach us. Father Prestage was laid up, alas, and could not come, but he sent a warm note of welcome.

"That evening we trekked to Six Miles Spruit, and next morning I walked on with one of the Brothers, and shortly after one o'clock greeted Father Prestage! a most cordial meeting. I rejoiced to see him so active and well in spite of his ailment. The rest of the party arrived soon after dark, and after taking their supper made preparations to go on to the farm, which they reached on the following evening, Saturday, July 30. I joined them on the feast. We planted a cross on the central kopjie, and sang the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for our safe arrival."

A Mixed Marriage.

THE THIRD PHASE.

CHAPTER IV.

GERTRUDE.

GERTRUDE CHENEVIX has appeared but little in these pages. It is not of such as her that novels can be written. She was one of those rare creatures who seem to bloom and ripen under the special care of Almighty God. Fair to look at, rich in the things of the mind, loving of heart, tender in all her ways, she was apparently destined to make happiness in whatever home was fortunate enough to possess her. Therefore God chose her for Himself.

Her mother, into whose life she alone poured unmingled balm, and who, as the child grew older, got to lean more and more on her for sympathy, saw very early that the finger of God had singled out this dear child of hers for Himself, and destined her to live in close union with Him even here below, to sit at His feet, and listen undisturbed to His voice. She found it out before the child herself knew it.

Of course the first feeling in her heart was one of sharp pain, far sharper than if she had been called on to surrender her child into the arms of death. Though it is true that Almighty God demands the full submission of our wills when He takes our dear ones from us by death, still He offers us no choice. It was harder for Margaret to lose her child nearly as completely as if death had taken her, not because it was inevitable, but to lose her deliberately, and with her eyes open, by her own free choice and by her child's free choice, simply because the force of God's will was so great that those who loved Him could not resist it.

But this sharp pain at giving up what she loved was followed by a very deep sense of joy and thankfulness; thankfulness for the high dignity of her daughter; thankfulness for the evidence

that she herself had therefore not lived in vain ; thankfulness that one great good had resulted from her marriage. For after all, Gertrude, this flower in God's garden which He loved so much that He would gather it for Himself, she as well as Arnold would never have existed but for her ! And with this joy there sprang up hope, new hope for her husband and her son. In the dreary forlornness of the outlook she had almost forgotten that she ought to hope.

Gertrude had grown up, and had lived an ordinary life for twenty years. She had lived in the world, but not of it ; she had mixed in society ; she had even, all unmoved, gone through two London seasons before she knew her own mind, and felt sure that the hand of God had been laid on her, and that His voice had said : "Come, follow Me."

Then she spoke to her mother, and told her of her final desire to be a Carmelite nun, knowing well that from that dear mother she would meet with no difficulties in her higher path. It was from her father that the difficulties would come ; and the girl scarcely knew how insurmountable they might be. Great therefore was her surprise when her mother said : "I have seen for years, my child, that this was to be ; but lately I have seen it almost trembling on your lips to speak to me about it. I thought it would be easier to talk to your father before you had yourself spoken to me. So I have already told him all, and he gives his consent."

Margaret told her child no more than this ; she did not tell her what had passed between her father and herself. Gertrude cared to know no more ; all she cared for was that the obstacle was removed. She threw her arms round her mother's neck, half in gratitude to her who was so truly a mother to her, half because, this great obstacle being removed, it brought the parting nearer.

"Oh, mama," she said, "you will miss me so much."

"More even than I myself can guess yet," was Margaret's reply. "But who knows, my child, I may leave you before you leave me."

Gertrude remained silent with her head on her mother's breast. Her loving heart had already told her what doctors were powerless to discern—that her mother was very ill.

After Margaret had made up her mind that she ought to break to her husband their child's desire to be a nun, she passed

a sleepless night. Her shrinking nature was not quite transformed, and she dreaded a scene with Humphrey nearly as much as formerly. A scene she fully anticipated, and indeed after she had told him of the desire of their daughter's heart, he had met her with a storm of reproaches which vividly recalled to her the old days.

"Surely, Margaret," he exclaimed, "you must remember that the only thing I stipulated for when I gave the child over to you was that she should not be made a nun of. Could you not be satisfied with all I did give up, and not insist on the only thing I refused? It seems to me that our children are fated to come between us! I had got to trust you like myself, Margaret, and had forgotten the volcano on which I was living; and now I find out that all these years you and your people have been hard at work circumventing me again!"

Margaret felt how unjust her husband's words were, but she was very sorry for him. She quite appreciated how severe a blow it must be to him that his daughter should wish to be a nun. To him it would be all loss, and she knew herself what it was to feel the loss, even when counter-balanced by the gain. So she remained silent, knowing that his wrath would expend itself.

"Don't tell me that there has not been pressure brought to bear on the child," he continued, answering an imaginary advocate. "*She* want to be a nun! It is ridiculous! A creature like Gertrude, made to shine in the world, pretty, clever, and the sort of girl to have the world at her feet! If she had been crossed in love, or ugly, or stupid, or hump-backed, I could understand it. But the fact is, it is known that she is my only daughter, and it is supposed that she will have plenty of money, so she has been fooled into it."

"It has all come from within herself," ventured Margaret.

"Nonsense! you have been fooled, too, and that is the fact of the matter. But it is all very fine. My money is my own to do what I will with, and they will find out that she is not half as rich as they hope."

"Do be more just, Humphrey," said Margaret, unable to stand this invective any longer. "I thought you had done with all those ridiculous, worn-out ideas of Jesuitical machinations, as you call them. Do try to see that Gertrude of herself wants to give herself to God in a more perfect manner. Do you not see the possibility of such a thing?"

"I see the possibility of my wife and daughter being two of the greatest fools ever heard of," he replied in a less vehement tone. "You *cannot* persuade me that a girl like her, with, as I say, the world at her feet, is fool enough to *wish* to shut herself up in a convent."

"I think Almighty God generally chooses the best for Himself," said Margaret, in a low voice.

"Fiddlesticks!" replied he, not over reverently. "But go now; I cannot possibly talk about it any more before I have thought it over. It is my consent you want, I suppose. I always have to give way, I know, when it is a choice between me and your con——no, I won't say that, between me and your religion, but I will not do it in a hurry, so we will talk about it again."

Next morning Humphrey drew his wife into his study, and putting his arm round her, kissed her tenderly.

"Forgive me, my Margaret," said he, "for all the things I said yesterday. I thought that stupid demon of suspiciousness was laid for ever, but I suppose it is alive. I have slept on the idea of Gertrude being a nun. She may go; not that I understand it a bit more than I did yesterday; but she may go. I told you twelve years ago that you should do as you wished about her, though you remember I did make a reservation about her being a nun. However, I feel that if I make my stand on that, you will think that I have broken the spirit if not the letter of our bargain. So I must let her do as she wishes, and as you wish. She is more your child than mine. I have never quite felt as if she were my child."

"Whose fault is that, Humphrey?" asked Margaret, gently.

"I dare say it is my own fault," he replied. "It is certainly not yours, and as for Gertrude, she is a dear little girl, and as good a daughter as father or mother could wish for. But, all the same, it is a fact that I have never felt her to be quite my child. I again repeat what I made up my mind to, and steeled my heart to, twelve years ago: she is more your child than mine."

"She is child to both of us, Humphrey," said his wife, earnestly, "do not forget it. She is our first child and (I must say it) our best child. Oh, how I wish that you could feel that, though she is our child, God asks her of us, and that neither you nor I can refuse her to Him."

"You must not expect me to see things as you do, my Margaret," he replied, gently. "It is not in me. But if it makes your parting with her easier, I am thankful that you have those feelings. For *ours* is the sacrifice. I do not know how you will get on without the child. But there! tell her she may go. If her mind is set on it she shall find no obstacle from me. But I should prefer her waiting a year. I know it will make no difference in the end, but she will be of age then, and it will not seem as if I had been in such a hurry with my consent."

"And, Humphrey, if I am no longer with you then, will you still not stand in her way?" said Margaret, hesitatingly, for she rarely alluded to her state of health, but was compelled to do so now.

"Of course," he replied, "that would only make me keep my word more scrupulously. But don't talk rubbish like that, Margaret. Every one but yourself can see with half an eye that you are getting better every day."

Margaret said no more. She had no wish to prove her point. She might, after all, be mistaken; and she had no wish to die.

Thankful, of course, she felt after this talk with her husband, for his consent to Gertrude's following her vocation was not only obtained, but it was given not altogether grudgingly.

But do what she would to shut it out, she could not help a vision crossing her brain of what a heaven on earth this life might be if, when God having asked this gift of them, the most precious gift He can ask of parents, they, the child's father and mother, had been able to approach Him hand in hand, and give Him what He asked with all the liberty of their undivided wills.

CHAPTER V.

SUNSET CLOUDS.

IN spite of the new life and hope which had entered into Margaret's existence with her child's vocation, and of the fresh and calming intimacy which had grown up between herself and Gertrude; in spite, also, of a new and gentle tenderness on the part of her husband, the offspring of his unavowed anxiety about her, the months which followed were very sad ones.

The state of her health alone might have accounted for this depression, for, whatever the malady was which was slowly killing her, it was growing very masterful with her poor body ; but all the same it was from within that her sadness came, for the great gulf which stood between her and those she loved widened daily before her eyes. As her own life waned, and her thoughts turned almost of necessity to the life beyond the grave, and as she grew to know the full meaning of those gifts which she, as a Catholic, possessed, and which alone enabled her to live her life and face death, she could better picture to herself the blank which must exist in her husband's life, simply because he was without them, and did not know, or care to know, what they were. Thus the gulf between her and Humphrey not only grew, but assumed an aspect which, of its very nature, savoured more of eternity than of time.

Her anxiety about Arnold, if not more acute, was anyhow more defined than that about her husband. He was still idling away his life, the idea of a future career being, not indeed abandoned, but dilatorily postponed from month to month. He himself had no desire, nor even any sense of duty to impel him to adopt any particular line of life ; and his father, who could not summon up the immediate energy necessary to stem the tide of his son's passive resistance, suffered him by tacit consent to become virtually his own master. He seldom came to Alne Court, and when he did come made his stay there as short as possible. The society of his parents and sister bored him as compared with the life of continual pleasure and adulation which he led in London and in the country houses to which he was invited ; and though he had no intention to give pain to either his father or mother, he was too selfish and pleasure-seeking to put himself out to do anything which he found irksome.

Although his father took no measures to enforce his being more frequently at home, his long absences, whatever plausible reasons might be alleged for them, fretted and annoyed him considerably, and the language in which he conveyed his annoyance was by no means measured ; though, be it said, he expressed his displeasure more often to Margaret and other persons than to the offender himself.

Rumours sufficient to disturb their minds had reached his parents' ears of the undesirableness of the set in London into which Arnold had thrown himself, and the, to say the least of

it, worthlessness of his life there ; but a letter from one of her sons, which Humphrey's eldest sister considered it her duty to send to her brother, enlightened them considerably further. The letter told but little, still, its general tone and inuendoes lifted the curtain from before a side of their son's life which neither his father nor mother had quite realized. Whatever supineness Humphrey might have felt on the subject before, he felt none now, and his exasperation after perusing his nephew's letter passed bounds. The abuse which he showered on his son tried Margaret nearly as much as the contents of the letter had done : it was, therefore, a relief to her when, after she had sat through the storm, her husband flung the letter from him impatiently, and said :

"It is no use talking about it any more ! Nothing can be done, and I am sick of the subject and of the boy too ! I think I will go and see what a turn after the partridges will do for me !"

And with a kiss to his wife, the white look on whose face added fuel to his wrath, so entirely did he attribute it to Arnold's misdeeds, he hastened out of the room.

Margaret felt as little able as he did to sit still under her burden, and wended her way to South Cray. Her husband's prohibition to visit among his poorer tenants had been removed or had died a natural death years ago ; and visiting among them, soothing their cares, and ministering to their wants had become the great solace of her life.

Humphrey's temper might have stood a few conversions now, but his temper remained untried, for no conversions came. All had got accustomed to the idea of Margaret's Popery ; the sight of the Alne Court carriage taking her Sunday after Sunday to Mass was no longer a novelty, and none of the villagers felt any curiosity to go and see for themselves what took her there. The order of intelligence at South Cray was not very high, and its inhabitants took everything in life very much as they found it.

Especially, they took Margaret as they found her ; and, as they found her, they loved her with a very real deep love, far apart from the benefits she conferred on them. The old people strained their deaf ears to catch the sound of her step at their door. Little children coming home from school lingered at the lodge gates in hopes that she might pass by. Wives and mothers treasured up their troubles and family burdens to pour

into her willing ear, and receive the advice they always found it safe to follow. The sick always felt better when she had smoothed their pillows—and the dying clung to her. Many an eye did she close in death, after having watched for hours by the bed-side, so as to guide some simple honest soul to make a good, heartfelt act of contrition before it went to meet its God. It had passed into almost a proverb among the sick that "her ladyship's prayers spoke to the soul as no others did." Thus far these good people went, but they seemed incapable of going any further. The traditions of centuries, and their own great denseness were too strong for them.

Humphrey had at first feared that his wife was doing too much for the good of her health, but his opposition to her work among the poor soon ceased. This particular form which her service of her God took was one which he could understand, and at times it gave him almost a veneration for his loved wife. As, apparently, no harm came to her from her exertions, his conscience forbade him to stand in her way.

This afternoon, after spending some hours in going from one poor cottage to the other, leaving an unseen track of light behind her as she went, she, weary in body though rested in mind, turned back into the park, and wandered about among its glades. At last, tired out, she sat down on a moss-grown, worm-eaten seat at the foot of a patriarchal beech-tree, a favourite resort of hers at all times of the year, but especially in autumn.

It was October. Everything, overhead and under foot, was one golden blaze of colour. There had been a frost in the early morning, and the leaves were falling like a golden rain in the still air. A faint smell of decay pervaded the atmosphere, and told the tale that this glorious pageant of colour was, after all, only death in disguise. All around her was dying, even though everything was made beautiful in death.

Such a scene might have turned the thoughts of the most frivolous towards death, so what wonder was it that death should be the theme of Margaret's thoughts?

Only half an hour before she had left the bedside of a dying old man. He had spent the best years of his life besotted by drink, which had made havoc of his home, ground down his wife to the level of an Australian aborigine, and been the indirect cause of the premature death of some of his children, and the depravity of the remainder. But that was all a thing

of the past, and now he lay awaiting death, exultant and joyful. Margaret had spent a long time that day, as on many a previous day, vainly trying to bring him to a sense of contrition for the sins of his past life. He met all her arguments and entreaties with a respectful indifference, responding only by exclamations of joy, framed in poetic and Scriptural language, at the near approach of death, and the joys which awaited him so speedily in Heaven.

This old man and his state of well-nigh ecstatic expectation were filling Margaret's thoughts, but gradually they wandered away from him, and took a more personal turn. Still, however, it was death that occupied her, for as she turned over in her mind all that troubled her both about Arnold and her husband, it was in the attitude of death that she saw them, knowing the while that neither of them had any more notion of contrition, or wish to acquire it, than had the poor old ex-drunkard.

In spite of her sister-in-law's communication, it was more about her husband than Arnold that Margaret anxiously mused that October afternoon. In the height of his indignation in the morning Humphrey had dropped hints which startled her about the life he had himself lived when he was a young man. She had often, indeed, trembled for her husband, but it was for him in his present state, as she knew him, that she had trembled, feeling little or no curiosity about his past life. Now, however, his own words had supplied her with a new source of anxiety. It is true that the object of the revelations into which his anger had betrayed him was to draw comparisons favourable to himself between his own misdeeds and those of his son; but Margaret, viewing the two cases more as God saw them than as the world saw them, could not draw the same line of demarcation as did Humphrey. Thus, as she sat on her moss-covered bench under the canopy of gold, her thoughts dwelt more painfully on her husband than on her son. For Arnold, the very imminence of his peril brought a sense of hope, and she felt as if the very intensity of her prayers, which it bred, must bring a remedy. The cloud was so black that it must have a silver lining: the hour was so dark that dawn must be at hand! But with her husband the wound was so old, so healed over, so forgotten, that any attempt to bring him to a sense of sorrow for the past seemed to her as hopeless a task as trying to beat down a stone wall with her bare hands. Knowing Humphrey as she did, she knew very well in what

aspect he would regard these sins of the past, which had died a sort of natural death by mere absence of temptation, and become crusted over by the lapse of years. If he at all remembered the sins or worthlessness of his earlier days, before his love for his wife and home, and desire to be useful to his fellow-creatures, had had to do the sorry work of a higher sense of love and duty, it would only be to spurn them from his memory with a feeling of disgust, or, at most, of humiliation, but with as utter an oblivion of the necessity of contrition and repentance as even Arnold, in the fever-heat of his young recklessness.

To Margaret, the waning state of whose health made her live in the presence of death and the life beyond death, sin and its very shadow were objects of dread and abhorrence as they had never been before. No wonder then that, weary in body and lonely of heart as she was, she felt well-nigh bowed down by the vision of evil which her musings conjured up; a vision of which the sin of the whole world made the hideous background, but in the foreground of which the figures of her husband and son, with the darker secrets of their lives, known only to God and to themselves, stood out in painful relief.

She sat for a long time, praying more than musing, till the evening shadows lengthened, and a vaulty, chill feeling began to creep over everything. A sort of sacred silence reigned around her. No sound could be heard in the still air but the faint patter of the golden leaves as they fell to the ground, and the far away languid cawing of the rooks, as they assembled from all parts preparatory to going to roost. So still did Margaret herself remain that a robin perched itself on a bough close above her, and, with head on one side, peered at her wonderingly out of its black eyes, while a squirrel ventured within a few yards of her to secure a tempting beech-nut.

She was startled from her deep thought by the sound of footsteps crunching the beech-masts behind her, and, looking hastily round, she perceived him of whom her thoughts were full.

CHAPTER VI.

BYGONES.

As Humphrey was returning through the park from shooting, he espied his wife sitting on her favourite seat; and sending home his gun by the keeper, he turned aside to join her.

He lighted a cigar and sat down beside her, perceiving as he did so that her eyes were full of unshed tears.

"My Margaret," said he, "I am afraid that the state of mind I was in this morning about that ass, Arnold, has made you feel his follies more keenly than you need."

"No," she replied, "not more keenly than I need. Since I have been sitting here, Humphrey, I have been thinking over how very little we have done our duty towards him. He was not given to us to neglect as we have done."

"Speak for yourself," he began, banteringly; but seeing that she was far too much in earnest to be lightly put off the subject, he continued more seriously: "Why, what more could have been done for the young jackass?"

"What more?" asked Margaret. "Why, Humphrey, we have done nothing! I have often reproached myself with this thought, but I never saw it so strongly as I have seen it this afternoon."

"For all that I cannot see that the boy has been much neglected."

"Why," returned Margaret, vehemently, "he has been allowed to grow up like a weed—whichever way he chose, as far as any interference on our part is concerned. I—well I have done nothing for him, nor have you! He passed his boyhood away from both of us, and without the most ordinary influences of home—for what could we expect his aunts to do for him in the holidays he spent with them? We did our best to deprive him of all the help he had a right to; and perhaps now we are only reaping what we have sown."

"I don't see it at all," he replied, a little hastily. "He was at excellent schools. Moreover, my sisters are good women, whatever else they may be, and he can have learnt nothing but good in their houses. But, perhaps, when one comes to look at it, the poor fellow did not get all the home bringing up that was his due. But I do not know what more I could have done for him if I had kept him with me; and, of course,

as you know better than any one, it was unfortunate that you could not have more to do with him, for a mother can do far more for a boy than his father can. But, there, we will let bygones be bygones. I hate to talk of those days."

"But I cannot let bygones be bygones," cried Margaret. "When I look at Arnold's life, and think what it may end in, I feel, and I cannot help feeling it, that it would have been better for him if I had died when he was born."

"Don't talk such nonsense," said Humphrey, quickly, for she spoke with a sob in her voice, and he had a wholesome dread of what he called a scene. But he spoke gently, for it would have taken an unheard-of amount of provocation to make him speak sharply to Margaret now. In spite of his protestations to himself and to the world at large, there was within him a muffled, unacknowledged dread that his wife was going to leave him.

"But I did not die," she resumed more calmly, and with an attempt at a smile; "and I see now that even as things were, even as matters stood between us about Arnold, I might have done more for him than I did. I see now how weak I was, and how I let my difficulties cow me. But even if it were given to me to live my life over again, I dare say I should be just the same miserable, weak, worthless creature."

"Thank goodness that you are what you are," he replied, laughingly, "and not the ideal, strong-minded woman of your dreams! But, seriously," he continued, seeing once more that it pained her to have her words taken lightly, "I do not think that *you* ought to reproach yourself, even if you are right in thinking that the boy was left to grow up without proper guidance, for, after all, as you know, circumstances removed him entirely from your influence, so I do not see how you could have done more than you did."

"I feel sure I could have done more for him," she repeated, helplessly. "I do not think he would have been given to me if it were to have been impossible for me to do more for him than I have done. I do not know whether I feel more inclined to laugh or to cry when I recall the height of my expectations when he was first given to me; how happy I was to have him, and how, when he was a mere tiny baby, I used to feel so proud of having a son, and build such castles in the air about all the great and good things my son was to do. It was, I dare say, very foolish to expect so much, but, still, it need never have come to *this*!"

"Perhaps," said Humphrey, banteringly, and less in reply to what she had said than to what she had left unsaid, "perhaps you will be saying next that you are sorry you ever married me."

Her answer was a long, loving pressure of the arm that was round her, while she murmured almost inaudibly: "I do not think I was right." The tone of her voice and her gesture conveyed the real meaning of her words too clearly for him to attempt, even in jest, to put any personal construction on them. He puffed away at his cigar in silence, while she, following the train of her own thoughts, continued:

"Thank God, in Gertrude's case His grace has been too strong for our mistakes."

"Come, come," exclaimed Humphrey, glad to be able to vent his growing spirit of contradiction on something tangible, "that is sheer sentiment! Gertrude is all very well, and I do not want her to be at all different from what she is, but you could not wish Arnold to be another Gertrude."

"Not quite," she replied, smiling, and then they both relapsed into thoughtful silence. Margaret's thoughts carried her back to those baptized babies, for whose loss she had so mourned, and in whose case also God's grace had been too strong for their parents' mistakes. Humphrey's thoughts were revealed by his next words.

"I think," he said, "that you make yourself needlessly unhappy by exaggerating the amount that parents and their influence can do for their children. Look at our old parson's son, for instance. I am sure that he was brought up carefully enough, and yet see what a scamp he has turned out! Or, perhaps," he continued, hesitatingly, as if he feared to wound his wife's feelings, "you think that if Arnold had been brought up a Roman Catholic he would have turned out different from what he is?"

"I think he would," replied Margaret, clasping her hands on her knee, and gazing through the golden canopy above her. "But who can tell? perhaps he would not have grown up better than he is now! But, oh, he would have had chances that he has never had, helps that you cannot even imagine! help in his boyhood, in his manhood, down to the hour of his death!"

"Of course you can look at that as you choose," replied Humphrey, "but still facts are facts, and you must not forget that there are a great number of bad men in your Church as

well as in ours; and that because your cousins and lots of young men you know have turned out well, it does not prevent a great number from turning out badly. Do not you remember all that we were hearing only the other day about young Byrne, Sir Patrick Byrne's son? From all accounts he is a downright young blackguard; and no one can say that of Arnold."

"I have thought a great deal about what we heard," exclaimed Margaret, "and I have been feeling very much for poor Lady Byrne. But, oh, in spite of all, how differently she must feel to what I do about my Arnold, floating about as he is like a ship without a rudder! She must have hope, for she knows what leverage she can bring to bear on her son, and what a power of recovery must lie within his soul. I know how he has fallen, poor boy, all the lower because of the height from which he fell, but when he comes to himself some day, there is something for him to come back to. What is there for Arnold to come back to? Why, trying to help him, even praying for him, is like beating the air!" Margaret spoke with a tone of anguish in her voice which she did not even try to conceal, as she would have done only a year before. There was a fearlessness being bred within her as she felt life slipping from her grasp.

No doubt Humphrey felt inclined to challenge his wife's assertions, but he did not take up her words. Half from his natural indolence, and half from his desire to avoid what he chose to consider unpleasant subjects to Margaret, he generally eschewed any discussion of those great matters whereon he and she differed in opinion. Again and again, much to her disappointment, he turned the conversation as soon as it touched on those subjects about which, above all others, she wished to talk with him. He did so now, and promptly launched out into another line of argument to convince her of the exaggeration of her anxiety.

"The fact of the matter is," he continued, "you take too serious a view of that young fool Arnold's ways of going on. I was an ass to be so upset about him this morning, and I helped you to take a gloomy view. There is no real harm in the boy, for, after all, he is but a boy, though he is so young mannish in his ways that one is apt to forget it. The fact is I must make him do something or other. He has nothing to occupy his mind with, and his head has been turned by idiots who toady him for his good looks and prospect of stepping

into my shoes. At present he does not see that he has to live for anything but his own pleasure, bought at never mind what cost. The thing would be to get him out of the set he is in, and set his nose to the grindstone for a bit, though Heaven only knows how it is to be managed. But he will soon get sick of the sort of life he is leading, and turn over a new leaf. Long before we have reached our allotted threescore years and ten, we shall see him settled down, and the most estimable of men."

"The most estimable of men?" repeated Margaret, who was still flushed and breathless from the effects of her last speech. "What does that mean? Good husband, good father, good friend, perhaps, but how about his aspect as God's creature?"

"Oh, I cannot possibly follow you into those aerial flights," replied Humphrey, quickly, throwing away the end of his cigar somewhat viciously. "If Arnold should turn out all you fondly prophesy, you may indeed rejoice at having brought him into the world!"

Margaret leant her weary head on her husband's shoulder, and said in a low voice: "But his past—all that he is doing now—will still belong to him."

"No," replied Humphrey, vehemently, "there I cannot agree with you; nor would you say or think it yourself if you had not let yourself grow morbid. Thank Heaven, what one was once is done with, and one is as one is and what one is. You know it yourself. Take your feeling for me. You take me as I am, as you know me, and you love or hate me accordingly. You would not love or hate me one bit the more for anything I may have been in my past life. I dare say I was not much better than Arnold when I was his age, but you would not have me raking it up now and lamenting what is dead and buried. I know I was as selfish and worthless a young fool as any you could find, and I dare say, though I never knew it, my mother shed many a tear over me; though, for the matter of that, she idolized me to such a degree that I believe she had a different code of morals altogether for me and my sisters. I do not say I was worse than almost any young fellow would have been under the same circumstances, thrown into the world with plenty of means, and no one to say him nay, but there is no doubt I might easily have been better. Most likely you would have thoroughly despised me had you known me as I was in those days, but it does not make you care the less for me now."

"That is true," replied Margaret, gently, "but it does not alter the fact that it was *you* then as much as it is *you* now, and that if you committed any sins then, as you say you did, they are your sins for which you have to be sorry."

"You know how I hate all that cant about sorrow and repentance," he said, irritably. "Thank Heaven, the past is done with and left behind me quite as much as, for instance, the cart and horse which I loved when I was a child. The follies of my boyhood have no more to do than it has with my manhood. I know you hate to dwell on what is evil, so you ought to be the last person to wish me to rake up the muck-heap, and revive all the buried unworthiness of the past."

"I do not want you to rake it up or revive it," protested Margaret. "I do not want you to unbury the past at all, even in the secret corners of your heart, except to put it behind you in the only one way possible, by being sorry for it. Oh, Humphrey," she went on, interrupting him as he began to speak, "I feel as if I could give my body to be burnt, or torn to pieces by wild beasts, if only I could get you to make even one real act of contrition, to tell God from your heart that you are sorry."

"My Margaret, I cannot," he replied, "though I detest all I may have done in the past. I feel humiliated when, looking at it in the light of the worthier life I have led since our marriage, I remember the life that I led before. I would undo the past if I could, and I cast behind me the days of what it pleases me to call my boyhood, as something which I do not like to remember, and, far less, talk about. Is not that enough for you?"

Margaret shook her head sadly.

"I will even say whatever words you like, if it is to give you happiness," he went on, "but they will not come from my heart. I am not, it is true, one of those men, of all most miserable, who say there is no God. I do believe in God, my Margaret, but I cannot, I do not wish to believe in Him as you do, as One who cares for what I say and do, to whom it is right to go and say I am sorry for my sins, as a little child might go to its father, and tell him it is sorry when it has done wrong. I could not do it!"

"I know you cannot, Humphrey," she replied, "though I live in the hope that you will do so some day—some day before you come to die, as we must all die. And while I live, I must do what I can for you. We are one, one in the sight of God

and of men. Your joys are my joys, and your sorrows my sorrows, and I feel your sins as if they were my sins. Perhaps—who knows—I can make myself so one with you in the sight of Him who joined us together, that He will grant to me for you what you are dumb to ask for yourself."

"My poor Margaret," replied Humphrey, after silently pondering over her words, "why did you not marry a man who believed what you do, and who could indeed be one with you? You must feel hampered, crushed, chilled at every turn!"

"I do not think our marriage was quite the sort that is made in Heaven," said she, smiling somewhat sadly; "but, oh, Humphrey, I love you so dearly that I must thank God that it cannot be undone, and that I am one with you in a way that even you can hardly take in; for I do not think you at all know how it is that I, and what you call my people, look on marriage, and how immeasurably removed we regard it from *any* human contract, however binding. *Nothing* can sever us! So, Humphrey," she added, playfully, though bright tears glistened in her eyes, "as you cannot get rid of me, you must make the best of me!"

"How can I make the best of what is best already," he replied. His voice was not very steady, but he spoke half-jestingly, for he could not trust himself to speak as he felt. "But come home now, my Margaret," he continued, "for it is turning quite damp under these trees, and if you *will* insist on making yourself out an invalid, the least you can do is to take ordinary care of yourself."

CHAPTER VII.

THE END.

THE end was not long in coming. It was only a few weeks after the letter about Arnold had come to disturb his parents' peace of mind that Margaret's illness took a new and aggravated form.

A series of fainting fits alarmed Humphrey at last, and London doctors and country doctors were sent for right and left. They could no longer ignore her state. They shook their heads and gave various names to the malady, and, with much difficulty and many circumlocutions, broke to Humphrey that they considered his wife to be in a dying state.

There is no use in tracing Margaret's illness through its last stage. We have ourselves, one and all, had to watch the like in real life. We know what it costs us to see those dear unto us fade away, nearing day by day the gates of eternity, as one citadel of health after the other yields to the arch-enemy, death. We all have to die, and we know it, so why go through the pain needlessly with those whom we have learnt to love only in the pages of a tale?

Humphrey fought the enemy step by step, trying to keep it at bay by doctors, nurses, prescriptions, special foods, and his own unceasing, loving care. He fought on, knowing all the time that, in spite of his efforts, it was the enemy who was gaining the victory. He never left his dear wife's side, and when his restless misery could find him nothing more to do by her bedside, or in the sick room, he sat down beside her, holding her poor wasted hand in his.

And she, on the threshold of eternity, lost all timid reserve, and spoke to him as she had never before spoken about the things of God and of his own soul. But she knew that though her words wrung his heart in agony, as being her parting words, she might as well have remained silent.

So the end came at last, and all knew that in a very few minutes she would open her poor, failing eyes in the Presence of her God. She was conscious to the last, and the pain she suffered was not that of the body.

"Pray for me," she went on saying, "pray, pray, pray!" for the enemy was torturing her last minutes, as Almighty God does allow those to be tortured whom He loves best, and who, He knows, will, in spite, triumphantly persevere to the end.

The priest from Ulminster was by her bedside, commending her departing soul to God. Gertrude knelt, praying as only some souls can pray. Margaret's French maid, Clémentine, was in a far-off corner, praying aloud hysterically, half in Latin, half in French. The good, pious, Protestant nurse was also praying with moist eyes. That was all. When Margaret, with her soul now at peace, having resigned all into God's hands, and no more capable of either vain regrets, or anxiety, or sorrow, cast her last glance on the things of this world, and on those she loved so dearly in it, the only two whose knees were not bowed in prayer were her husband and her son.

Reviews.

I.—THE WORKS OF ST. FRANCIS OF SALES.¹

THE fact of the title of Doctor of the Universal Church having been conferred upon St. Francis of Sales so recently as 1877, affords a sufficient reason for the production at this time of a new and complete edition of his works. And this was the more necessary, as former editions have given in some cases an absolutely unfaithful and in all an inadequate presentation of what the Saint really wrote. The very popularity of his writings had led to the introduction by successive editors of alloy which made them as untrustworthy as some modern Anglican adaptations of Catholic works. St. Francis leavened with Gallicanism is about as much in masquerade as if brought out in Puseyite or Ritualistic dress. But happily in various Convents of the Visitation, and especially in the mother-house at Annecy, there are still extant autograph texts and a variety of fragments by recourse to which a diligent critic is enabled to reconstruct with absolute fidelity the various volumes of his writings.

At the suggestion of Monseigneur Isoard, the Bishop of Annecy, the Nuns of the Visitation in that city undertook the task, and they happily had at hand a thoroughly competent and learned Benedictine, Dom H. B. Mackey, willing and able to carry out their wishes. Two volumes have already issued from the press of Nièrat at Annecy, dedicated by permission to the Holy Father, Leo XIII., and in every way worthy of the Saint, of the community which he founded, of the learned Pontiff to whom they are inscribed, and of the erudition of the great Order to which their editor belongs. It may be called a veritable *édition de luxe*, being brought out on special paper with the water-mark on each sheet of the Saint's initials and

¹ *Œuvres de Saint François de Sales, Evêque de Genève et Docteur de l'Église.* Edition complète d'après les Autographes et les éditions originales enrichie de nombreuses pièces inédites, &c. Annecy : Nièrat.

device, *Non excidet*, with splendidly broad margins and in a type which leaves nothing to desire. Prefixed to the whole work is a portrait of the Saint, and to each volume a facsimile of a page taken from the autograph MS. of the work contained therein. These, however, are insignificant merits compared with the more substantial excellences of this edition. We would draw attention especially to the able and elaborate general Introduction in which the learned editor first sets forth the mental formation of the Saint.

Born in the midst of scenery which must have deeply impressed the boy with a sense of natural beauty, Francis was early sent to Paris and placed under Jesuit training. He became a consummate Latinist, and proficient in philosophy, and above all, a first-class theologian; and afterwards at Padua studied for his Doctor's degree in civil and canon law, whilst he enjoyed the spiritual direction of the illustrious Jesuit Antonio Possevino, whose knowledge of men and practical experience were of eminent service to one already endowed with wonderful gifts of nature and of grace. He then visited Rome in the days of Gregory XIV., two or three years before the death of St. Philip Neri, to whom the spiritual activity then conspicuous in the Eternal City was in no small measure due. Returning to Savoy, he abandoned the diplomatic career for which he had been destined, and in 1593 was ordained priest to the disappointment of his father, but immense gain of the Church and of souls. The next five years of his life were spent in the gallant and successful endeavour to bring back the Protestantized province of Chablais to the ancient faith.

This was the mission which gave occasion to the *Controverses* which form the first volume out of the eight which are to appear, and which are now for the first time carefully and accurately edited. The date of their composition has been made out from hitherto unedited letters of the Saint. They were broadsheets intended for distribution between his sermons in the Chablais. After his death they were widely dispersed, but in 1658, his nephew, Charles Auguste, then Bishop of Geneva, had the good fortune to recover this precious treasure, and a copy of them was inserted in the second Process of the Saint's Canonization. The original itself was presented to Alexander VII., who bequeathed it to his family, the princely house of Chigi, in whose keeping all but a few pages preserved in the archives of the first Monastery of the Visitation at

Annecy are still to be found. They are models of controversy, obviously the outcome of genuine love for the wanderers, full of tact and prudence, as remarkable for their abstinence from all that might justly irritate his opponents as for the clearness and force of their arguments. St. Francis does not flinch from unmasking imposture or hypocrisy, or from giving them their right names any more than from putting forward unpalatable truths. But the charity which inspired his labours is always unmistakeable, and from it his words derive mainly their persuasive power. Our readers should notice especially the opening passage of the facsimile prefixed to this volume, which clearly enumerates the nature, use, and limitation of Papal Infallibility, a passage which is a veritable anticipation of the Vatican definition.

Though St. Francis carried with him during the five years of his mission in the Chablais but two books, his Bible and Bellarmine, yet we find his pages bristle with exact quotations, not only from Scripture, but from some forty Catholic writers, amongst whom figure conspicuously Campion, More, and Fisher, three of our recently beatified English Martyrs, and nearly an equal array from the heretical writers of the day. He was clearly well-armed by diligent and extensive reading on both sides of the controversy.

The second volume contains the *Defense de l'estendart de la Sainte Croix*, first published in 1599, in reply to an attack of a Genevan minister, de la Faye, whose one title to remembrance is his having given occasion to the Saint's defence. St. Francis had erected a cross on the high road between Annemasse and Geneva, on the very spot on which had stood the *Croix Philiberte*, which had been demolished by the heretics. He had put a couple of placards upon the subject into circulation, and de la Faye, upon the ground that all honour is due to God alone, had attempted to disprove the legitimacy of any, even relative honour, paid to any of His creatures. The book in itself deserves no notice, but for the sake of the simple people who might have been deceived by its paralogisms, St. Francis issued this his second polemical treatise. In style it greatly resembles the *Controverses*, and is but the application to one subject of the general principles he had already defended. That one subject, however, lent itself readily to very full and interesting treatment, from every point of view, philosophical, theological, historical, and ritual, and our Saint knew how to illustrate all of them with many a pleasant episode, or touching

anecdote, or happy and ingenious remark. He is at once profound and brilliant, sound and deep in philosophy, and lively and varied in the play of his imagination. But we must refer our readers to the admirable Preface of Dom Mackey to this volume for a full appreciation of the merits of the work, and for a number of interesting details concerning its birth and history.

We cannot speak too highly of the care, diligence, and accuracy with which this monumental edition of the works of St. Francis is being edited. Evidently the labour has been one of love. Prefaces, notes, glossaries, tables of contents, are all as satisfactory as the general get-up, and we trust that even in this country many libraries will find a place on their shelves for this, the first really worthy edition of the works of St. Francis of Sales.

2.—ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY AND ST. ELIZABETH
OF HUNGARY.¹

We have here a neatly-bound and well-printed little volume containing two charming plays from the pen of a Jesuit missionary. Father Barraud wrote these plays some twenty years ago, and now publishes them, hoping thereby to secure some little profit for the sake of a school in the mission in which he is labouring. They are based respectively on Father Morris' *Life of St. Thomas Becket* and on the Comte de Montalembert's *Histoire de Ste.Élisabeth de Hongrie*.

We are sure that the first impulse on reading this dramatized version of St. Thomas' life will be to contrast it with Lord Tennyson's *Becket*, which has now at last found its way on to the stage with great success. The points of contact are indeed but few. The spirit animating the two playwrights is so different, their ways of looking at things so far apart, that it is hard to realize that each is dealing with the same incidents of history. This, however, their works have in common: neither is a *stage* play. The great Laureate did not intend his drama, at least in its original form, "to meet the exigencies of our modern theatre," as he declared in his Dedication; though it is true that, with modifications more or less profound, it has met those exigencies with universal applause. The undoubtedly high

¹ *St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Elizabeth of Hungary*. Historical Dramas. By Clement William Barraud, S.J. London: Longmans, 1892.

poetic merit of Father Barraud's play will similarly, we think, be best appreciated by the reader. Not that the author is not endowed with much of the true spirit of the dramatist, for of this spirit he gives abundant evidence in many a sprightly dialogue and in many a well-managed situation. But he has dealt with history in a manner far too conscientious, and in seeking to bring out the true sequence of events he has covered far too large an amount of ground to satisfy the actual requirements of the stage. Neither, of course, has he imitated the poet by dragging into his drama the fair Rosamund and her bower, nor has he condescended to employ those other devices which seem to form the *sine qua non* of the successful stage piece.

Father Barraud's first drama opens in France, at the time when Archbishop Theobald is either dying or just dead. Little, therefore, is seen of the days of friendship between King and Chancellor, but, after one glimpse, we are hurried on to a time when the stern conflict, that is to have so fatal an issue, is already well developed. A specially pleasing feature in Father Barraud's play is the introduction of a certain Sir Andrew Merivale—"Merry Andrew," and the author handles this light but sterling character with the happiest skill. Not only is his reckless *bonhomme* clearly portrayed, but, in a somewhat deeper vein, we find in him a moralist after the fashion of the famous Jacques. Listen to him discanting on the freaks of fashion :

One Queen, by Fortune's bounty shall display
A goodly show of tresses shaming art
And women for a time shall be content
With what Dame Nature gave 'em ; but the next
Less favoured haply, shall persuade herself,
And cause decree be made throughout the realm,
That beauty, sith 'tis such a vulgar thing
Be measured henceforth by the weight o' the purse.
"Twas never meant, forsooth ! nor holds with reason
That men o'ertop the ladies."
Brides then, like fortresses, are reared aloft ;
And towers and castles and huge pyramids
With skilful artifice are builded up
Above the aching heads of gentlewomen.
Pin-money grows, and doorways are made higher,
While thrifty husbands fret their lives away
To see their fat lands running all to seed
In monstrous head-dresses or endless trains.

In Tennyson's play a fine dramatical point is Becket's firmness, brought into strong relief by means of Eleanor's

proffered support, which she promises against the King and his *customs* if only the Archbishop will let her see the map of the mazy bower. This scene is compensated for in our present piece by a meeting between St. Thomas and the King in the country outside Northampton. Here the Saint's fidelity is put to the severest test, the King appealing to his gratitude :

I reckoned it as nothing that I made thee
The father of my people, yielding thee
Advantage of myself.

But Becket proves too faithful to God and to the Church :

God forbid
That I should ever tilt against thy pleasure
So it accord with His to whose allegiance
Thou mad'st me over ! But forgive me, Sire,
Further I may not go.

Urge me no more to sin against my faith,
Against my Church, my God, myself and thee.

The King's outburst of wrath in this and in other scenes is finely expressed :

Get thee hence, Archbishop ;
Waste not thy honeyed phrases ; fool me not
With "lord" and "prince" and "master," such nice titles
Were better kept for one thou wilt obey.
I *am* thy liege ; yet mock me not to say so,
Or I may turn, and like a baited bear
Rend thee and gnaw thee, tear thee limb from limb.

The ending, as in Tennyson's *Becket*, is somewhat abrupt ; it is, of course, the dark tragedy in Canterbury Cathedral. Father Barraud enhances the dignity of the scene by leaving out the incident of the Saint's hurling from him "his man" Fitzurse, whereas the Laureate improves on history by causing Becket to throw De Tracy as well.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of *St. Elizabeth*. The beautiful story is fully brought into relief in the drama. It is in most respects a play better adapted to acting than the *St. Thomas* ; there are not so large a number of characters, nor quite so many scenes. The grand personalities of Louis and his saintly wife are admirably put before us in the scene in which she discovers his secret intention of fighting for the Holy Sepulchre, by finding on him the cross.

Ay, 'tis nothing but a cross—
A red, red cross, as red as blood to me.

She has still something left of human weakness in this early scene; but after her long trials there comes that magnificent renunciation of all loves but that which is Divine, a scene enacted in silence but for the soft and distant singing of a hymn. The character of the young Heinrich is painted in the blackest hues from the very first, and his repentance is treated as hypocritical. This does not seem to be in accord with the chronicle, though his subsequent perfidy to his nephew Hermann warrants this view. The conversion of the dark villain Falstein, in contrast to the fearful death of his patron, is a fine touch to show the power of the Saint with God.

We strongly recommend this little volume as a birthday gift or as a prize. By no other reading will the heroic courage of our great English Archbishop, or the rare charity of the German Princess, be more lastingly imprinted on the minds of the young.

3.—TEXTS AND STUDIES.¹

The first two numbers of this series have been fully dealt with in previous issues of *THE MONTH*; and we are almost inclined to regret that Professor Robinson's energetic editorship and the untiring activity of his fellow-workers prevent, at least for the present, our dealing at any great length with the subsequent numbers. But as they treat of points of considerable interest, we think it well to lay before our readers at once a brief outline of their contents.

Principal Chase's contribution on the "Our Father" may practically be considered as an examination of three difficult questions which arise in connection with the Lord's Prayer: (1) How to account for the textual divergencies between St. Matthew (vi. 9—13), and St. Luke (xi. 2—4); (2) the origin and meaning of the word *ἐπιούσιος*; (3) the gender of *πονηροῦ*.

A mere glance at the Latin Vulgate will reveal the fact that, although the versions given by the two Evangelists agree substantially, St. Luke omits three clauses found in St. Matthew, and introduces into the rest of the Prayer slight, yet perhaps

¹ *Texts and Studies*. Edited by J. Armitage Robinson, B.D., Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. Vol. I. No. 3, *The Lord's Prayer in the Early Church*. By F. H. Chase, B.D., Principal of the Clergy Training School, Cambridge. Vol. I. No. 4, *The Fragments of Heracleon*. By A. S. Brooke, M.A. Vol. II. No. 1, *A Study of Codex Bezae*. By J. Rendel Harris, M.A., &c., 1891. No. 2, *The Testament of Abraham*. By M. R. James, M.A., &c., with an Appendix by W. E. Barnes, B.D., &c., 1892. Cambridge University Press, 1891.

not altogether unimportant, variations of phraseology. Mr. Chase, while admitting that the two Evangelists who record the Prayer connect it with different occasions in our Lord's Ministry, and that it would not be incongruous to suppose that our Lord did not confine Himself to one set form of words in teaching it, still believes that it would be contrary to analogy to consider the longer and shorter forms as belonging respectively to the two occasions; the Prayer is given us not in the very words in which it was originally delivered, but in a form current at the time at which the Gospels were written. And herein we have the key to the solution of the *ἐπιούσιος* problem. This word occurs nowhere else; and consequently its interpretation has been a cause of inquiry as far back as we can trace it. Suicer gives five significations which have been attached to it, but of these only two need be mentioned here. One is arrived at by regarding it as a derivative of *οὐσία* (substance), and on this ground St. Jerome rendered it "super-substantial;" the other as a derivative of *ἐπιούση* (the coming day). Mr. Chase adopts this latter view, and proceeds as follows: St. James (ii. 15) uses the phrase *τῆς ἐφημέρου τροφῆς*, which, as his Epistle is a mosaic of our Lord's sayings, may well be an allusion to the clause we are considering. This same phrase St. Chrysostom evidently considers synonymous with *τον ἄρτον τὸν ἐπιούσιον*, and the Syriac Testament translates it, "the food of the day." Finally, St. Ephrem writes: "The *bread of the day* shall suffice thee, as thou hast learnt in the Prayer."

Hence it is not unreasonable to suppose the original Aramaic of this petition to have been: "*The bread* (or, *our bread*) of the day give to us." But this form would not have been suitable for evening service, at which however the *Our Father* would naturally have been said, especially as the *Didaché* directs its recital thrice a day. Change it then into *The bread of the coming day*, and, since *ἐπιούση* is applicable either to the day already begun or to the morrow, it may appropriately be employed at any hour. Hence the author concludes we are warranted in considering *ἐπιούσιος* as an addition made to the original text for definite liturgical purposes. And this view is further strengthened when we remember that we have proof of the adaptation of the Lord's Prayer to other Divine offices. For a MS. of the Gospels edited by Hoskier in 1890, substitutes for the clause *Thy Kingdom come* a petition for the Holy Ghost, which St. Gregory and Maximus attribute to St. Luke himself,

and which evidently occurred in a text used by Tertullian and his adversary Marcion. Now a close examination of several passages in the Scripture and early Christian documents tend to show the employment of such a petition at the ceremony of the Laying-on of Hands (in Baptism, &c.).

Of course we do not claim to have proposed Mr. Chase's argument in its strongest light; for its very nature, which is cumulative, makes it impossible adequately to condense it into a few lines. Consequently we cannot attempt to discuss it here; but perhaps we shall be forgiven, if we venture to express our regret that the author has not discovered some other explanation, which would at the same time leave us free to believe that the Evangelists have preserved for us the very words used by our Divine Lord; and our confidence that he will be able to do so, should he ever again find leisure to examine the question.

With regard to the gender of *πονηροῦ*, suffice it to say that after a most painstaking analysis of all the evidence on this point that can be gathered from the language of the Old and New Testaments, from early Christian exegesis, from considerations of congruity, &c., the author does not hesitate to regard it as a direct synonym for Satan, and therefore to look upon the last words of the *Our Father* as a prayer that we may be delivered not so much from objective misfortune and sin, as from the machinations of the personal embodiment of all that is irredeemably bad, the devil.

In conclusion we may add that it would be a great mistake to measure the worth of the book before us merely by the certainty and solidity of its conclusions. To us, at any rate, it has been a source of information and valuable suggestion on many points besides those it professedly discusses.

Mr. Brooke has done an excellent work in collecting into one compact volume the *Fragments of Heracleon*, which are found embedded in the writings of adversaries, chiefly in Origen's Commentaries on St. John's Gospel. Hence the author's first care has been to secure as accurate a text of this latter work as possible; and in the opening portion of his Introduction gives a description of the known MSS. of it, explaining their relationship to each other. The second half of the Introduction deals with the Life and Teaching of Heracleon.

Of the personal history of this heresiarch little is known, except that he was in all probability a pupil of Valentinian, and the founder of the school of the Heracleonites. With regard to the doctrine taught by him, we are told we do not possess sufficient information either in the Fragments or in the very scanty references of other writers, to clear away the obscurity which shrouds his system. Any one, however, interested in the solution of this problem cannot fail to derive very great assistance from the editor's chapter on this point, and from the Notes he has appended to the text of his subject.

Fortunately the value of the Fragments does not lie in their intrinsic merit as a Commentary on St. John, being on the contrary a shameless effort to attribute to the Evangelist their author's absurd doctrines; but in the evidence they afford of the early date and genuineness of the fourth Gospel. Hence the important point to be determined is the date of the Fragments themselves. The author says:

The fact that a school of his disciples was in existence when Origen wrote his Commentaries (of which parts at any rate were written before A.D. 228), does not necessitate any earlier date for Heracleon than the end of the second century. . . . Lipsius points out the probability that Irenæus had heard of him . . . about 176 or 177. . . . We may perhaps go a little further. It may be reasonably assumed that the lectures of Irenæus, on which, according to the most probable interpretation of Photius, the Compendium of Hippolytus was founded, were delivered not later than 177, and we know that in this Compendium the heresy of Heracleon was described. . . . Thus we have no evidence which necessitates an earlier date than 170 for the appearance of Heracleon as an heresiarch, but on the other hand there is a considerable probability that the true date is somewhat earlier.

Professor Rendel Harris' *Study of Codex Bezae* is a most interesting little volume, giving ample witness to its author's deep and varied learning. To attempt a solid criticism of the work would require another of almost equal dimensions, and a much longer and more careful study than we have been able to devote to the various portions of the argument. In summarizing then the writer's conclusions, we are not to be understood as adopting them in all respects, nor indeed is it his intention to force them on his readers. For, although he urges his views with earnestness and vigour, and occasionally perhaps stretches a point or too in order to strengthen his case, we do not think a charge of dogmatism could be justly brought

against him. However, whether his reasoning carry conviction or not, this much may be safely said, that his essay, with Scrivener's monumental edition of the Bezan MS., are an indispensable portion of the apparatus required for an examination of the textual enigmas of that famous document.

Codex Beza contains the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles in two languages, Greek on the left-hand page, Latin on the right. Two striking peculiarities are discernible on very slight examination—a profusion of apparent blunders phonetic and grammatical, and what looks like an evident attempt to make one version almost a word-for-word translation of the other. As an example of the former, we have the forms: *λίον* (*λεγεών*), *λον* (*λόγον*), *neglentes* (*negligentes*), *nessitas* (*necessitas*), *amie* (*amice*), *dix* (*dixit*), *mis* (*misit*), *σκουστώδια*, *scoruscus*; the phrases *ad judæis* (*a diudæis*), *ad juventute* (*a diuventute*), and countless other such anomalies. A very great portion of Professor Harris' pages is taken up with the discussion of this point, and we think that he makes it pretty clear that "instead of the Beza text being a collection of blunders, it may be a valuable storehouse of transitional forms in the language at a time when many changes were going on." (p. 21.)

Of the interaction of the two contiguous versions we have many instances in the omission from or introduction into one (nearly always the Greek) of a word, in order to render the two texts as far as possible alike in the length and contents of one line, order of words, and similarity of phraseology. We will cite two examples.

St. John iv. 9, ought to stand thus :

Πῶς σὺ, Ἰουδαῖος ὢν παρ' ἐμοῦ
πειν αἰτεῖς γυναῖκος Σαμαριτίδος οὐσης ;

the Bezan Latin is :

Tu cum sis Judæus quomodo a me
Bibere petis muliere Samaritana,

and the Bezan Greek :

συ ὢν Ἰουδαῖος πως παρ' ἐμοῦ
πειν αἰτεῖς γυναῖκος Σαμαριτίδος,

where we observe the transposition of *πῶς* and the omission of *οὐσης*.

Against Acts xiii. 29, ought to stand :

ὥς δὲ ἐτέλεσαν
πάντα τὰ περὶ αὐτοῦ γεγραμμένα,

the Bezan Latin :

et consummaverunt
omnia quæ de illo scripta sunt,

and the Bezan Greek becomes

ὡς δὲ ἐτελούν
πάντα τὰ περὶ αὐτοῦ γεγραμμένα εἰσιν,

where εἰσιν is introduced to balance *sunt*.

This is only one curious feature. We find besides δὲ changed into καὶ to correspond more closely with the Latin *et*; the Greek article translated by *ille*, &c., which then finds its way into the Greek in the form of the pronoun οὗτος; the inflexions of Greek words barbarously modified in accordance with the gender, &c., of the Latin equivalents. But the list would be endless. The conclusion drawn is that the Greek has been mercilessly Latinized and hence is comparatively of secondary importance.

As to the origin of the text, the author is of opinion that the Latin is a translation from a companion Greek text, but not the Greek text as now read in the MS., that the translator not merely remembers the old Latin version, but is himself the author of the old Latin version, and lastly that the translation is much older than the fifth century. (p. 160.) In these three points, he tells us, he is diametrically opposed to Mr. Scrivener's views. Moreover, the Bezan Latin goes back to the time of Irenæus (p. 162), and its influence is perceptible in Tatian's *Diatessaron*. (p. 176.)

On p. 177 we find the following :

The conclusion to which we have been led is an astonishing one : the hydra-headed Western text has been resolved into a single form ; that form is the primitive Western bilingual ; its apparently Eastern character is a delusion, for the old Syriac texts lean on a Græco-Latin, and perhaps simply on a Latin base. That the Sahidic version, and other Egyptian attestation, sometimes complicates the question by an apparently greater geographical distribution than would seem to be possible for truly Occidental readings, is an illusion arising from the fact of our ignorance that the Sahidic version demonstrably has stolen Latin readings. The Western text is now no longer the "conceivably apostolic" edition which Dr. Hort suggests, but it represents the successive translations and retranslations of actual Occidental tradition.

This text was translated into Latin before the time of Tatian, and the primitive bilingual in which the translation stood is a document of a patriarchal dignity and largely capable of restoration.

We have given only a rough indication of some, by no means of all the questions into which the author enters, but we think we have said enough for our object, which was merely to call the attention of our readers to one of the most scholarly productions in this excellent series.

The hasty glance we have cast over the *Testament of Abraham* does not warrant our dwelling on its contents. We mention it here because it completes the list of the already published volumes of this series. But as it is only the first instalment of an edition by the same author of several apocryphal documents, we hope to have an opportunity of treating it in conjunction with the subsequent number, which, we are informed, is in course of preparation for the press.

4.—A DAUGHTER OF ST. TERESA.¹

A short time since Father Mercier's skilful pencil sketched for us a beauteous flower which blossomed on the rugged heights of Carmel, far from the world's highway. He now draws the portrait of another daughter of St. Teresa, a chosen soul, adorned with rich gifts, both in the natural and the supernatural order, who during the fifty years of her life in religion practised in so high degree the virtues we admire in the most eminent saints. Mère Thérèse de St. Joseph was not only a perfect type of the true Carmelite, imbued with and informed by the spirit of Carmel, but also a clever and superior woman, who for half a century was the light of her community and of her Order, an instrument in the hand of Providence to further the work of God, and to maintain the observance of the Rule in its integrity. The insight afforded by her biographer into her spiritual life will be a valuable example for her Sisters in religion, and a fruitful source of edification to the world at large, for it was not due so much to spontaneous piety, or to exceptional favours and graces conferred on her by God that she attained to so exalted a height of perfection, but to resolute energy and generous self-conquest, and the faithful practice of the duties of the religious life.

Ernestine d'Augustin's parents both belonged to the old

¹ *Vie de la Révérende Mère Thérèse de Saint-Joseph, ancienne Prieure du Carmel de Tours.* Par le R. P. Mercier, S.J. Paris: Victor Retaux et fils, 82, Rue Bonaparte, 1892.

French noblesse, and could trace their lineage for many centuries. She was born in 1819, and early gave signs of a strong determined nature, powerful for good and equally powerful for evil. Her father, who was long accustomed to military command, acknowledged that his wayward and independent little daughter gave him more trouble than a regiment of soldiers. The Sisters entrusted with her education were unable to check the impetuosity of her disposition and the violence of her temper. Yet the child possessed three excellent characteristics: love of the poor, for whom she would willingly deny herself some pleasure; devotion to our Blessed Lady, before whose statue she never passed without a respectful salutation; reverence and love to our Lord in the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar. It is related of her that when scarcely four years old, she arranged a procession of dolls in honour of the Blessed Sacrament with ingenious piety, and lighted some ends of tapers which she had contrived to appropriate; the result being that she set her clothes on fire, and narrowly escaped severe burns. The religious of St. Augustin, under whose charge she was placed after the disturbances of 1830, almost despaired of doing anything with her. Talented, fearless, wilful and proud, she assumed the ascendancy over all her fellow-pupils, and made them all bend to her powerful will. Again and again her teachers were on the eve of expelling her, only they feared lest the girl should throw herself untrainedly into the vortex of the world, in which her brilliant natural endowments fitted her to shine, and make shipwreck of her soul. And yet her faith seemed so ardent! They hoped that it would prove a breakwater to resist the angry dash of her passions, and they did not hope in vain. A retreat under the guidance of a Jesuit Father, following upon a more than usually rebellious outbreak, was the turning-point in her life. Enlightened by grace, she saw how difficult it would be for her to save her soul in the world, and despite the revolts of nature, she asked of God the grace to consecrate herself to Him. She was of all others the last individual one would have expected to find happiness in a contemplative Order, but God, who had set His seal on her, caused her to perceive how desirable was complete abandonment to His will, perfect crucifixion of self. All the force of her nature was now bent on conquering herself, and eventually her victory was so complete that those who only knew her in later years thought her to be of a naturally sweet

and amiable disposition. Ernestine was not one for half measures. Total separation from the world, the offering of an entire and complete holocaust, continual mortification of the senses, this was now the object of her desires. God rewarded her generous devotion with the highest grace He can give to woman upon earth, a true vocation to Carmel, participation in the work of atonement wrought by Christ, which is the greatest honour to which mortals can aspire. Her design met with great opposition from her parents, and during four years she carried on a continual struggle with the world, her family, her own heart. When twenty-one years of age, on the eve of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, she left her home without any farewell, and entered the convent at Tours, to commence her life of vicarious suffering, of penance, and of prayer. "Formerly," she said, "I should have thought it impossible to conform myself to the mind of the religious life; now I desire nothing else. People used to tell me I was made of iron, because of the strength of my will and my unyielding nature. Well, the loadstone attracts iron; Jesus Christ is the loadstone that drew me and holds me to Himself, and I will gladly follow Him wherever He wills."

We cannot follow Ernestine as with vigorous steps she climbed the mountain of Carmel. Suffice it to say that during her novitiate she was made use of by the Prioress, Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, to assist her in reviving the ancient observances of the Order, which had been relaxed during the Revolution; that she was chosen as the confidant of the supernatural communications made to Sister St. Pierre concerning the work of reparation for blasphemies uttered against the Holy Name, as well as the *cultus* of the Holy Face, established by M. Dupont at Tours; and that she was held in such esteem, that on the death of the Prioress, in 1865, she was chosen to fill her place. Mère Thérèse de St. Joseph ruled with a firm and a gentle hand; rigorous in enforcing obedience, she yet made herself fondly loved, for she was well aware to how great love makes obedience easy. Proud and overbearing as she had been in her girlhood, she now became so humble and considerate for others as to merit the title of *la bonne mère*. One of the many anecdotes related of her kindness tells us that one evening in winter time, a postulant who had for several nights been unable to sleep on account of the cold, to which she was unaccustomed, said to her, "*Ma mère*, my feet are so very cold."

"You are cold, my poor child!" she rejoined in the most compassionate manner; and instantly lighting a fire with her own hands, she placed her close to the stove and made her promise she would never go to bed without warming herself thoroughly.

She regarded the choice of subjects as one of the weightiest responsibilities of her position as Superior. Like St. Teresa, she wanted valiant souls for Carmel, and she delighted in training them by the practice of the solid virtues of the Christian life for the generous sacrifices of the religious life. "It is better to have fewer subjects," she would say, "and only to have good ones." Towards any one in whom she discerned the signs of a true vocation, her patience was inexhaustible; obstacles, far from daunting her, only incited her to more zealous efforts in assisting the postulant to correspond to grace, and in preparing her for the closest union with her Divine Lord. (p. 321.)

Mère Thérèse died at the age of seventy-one years, of paralysis. The course of her religious life is summarized in a few words.

From the outset her great devotion was to the Child of Bethlehem, and all her virtue bore the stamp of simplicity. Like Jesus at Nazareth she advanced in wisdom and in grace with God and men; like Him, she was perfectly subject to those who were placed in authority over her. Later on, consumed by an ardent zeal for souls, she employed all her powers in promoting the glory of God. During the term of her priorate, she chose the lowest offices, saying in the words of our Lord, "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Finally, towards the close of her long life, our Heavenly Father associated her to His Divine Son in suffering and humiliation. Her only aim on entering religion was to do the will of God. "Behold I come to do Thy will, O my God;" and His will alone she sought and fulfilled to the end. (p. 333.)

We must refer the reader to the memoir for an account of all the good Mère Thérèse effected in Tours, and all she did to advance the interests of her Order in France by stern resistance to innovation, and firm repression of the dissensions and jealousies stirred up between different houses by the enemy of souls. Nor will space allow us to enter upon the long list of her virtues, whose perfume still lingers in the cloisters which for so many years witnessed her struggles and her triumphs. The second portion of the book contains the history of her soul in a series of letters, wherein with simple candour she opens her heart to her spiritual guide. The reader will recognize in them the fragrance that comes from the mountain of myrrh and the

hill of frankincense; they breathe the calm tranquillity of a soul that despises all that is not God; that has chosen the better part and knows it shall not be taken away from her.

5.—IMPRISONMENT AND DEATH OF LOUIS XVI.¹

This carefully edited collection of contemporaneous accounts of the imprisonment and death of Louis XVI. is of the most touching interest. Besides the narratives, already published, and many of them by eye-witnesses—such as Cléry and Hue, the servants of Louis XVI.—there is an original record by one of the commissioners of the prison. The text of each has been exactly collated and corrected, and a detailed description of the various authorities is given in a valuable Introduction. The Editor has collected eighteen descriptions of the execution from writers of the time, or from the newspapers of the day.

The various narratives bring out in a most lifelike manner the terrible and pathetic story. We see day by day the life of the unfortunate family, the insults they had to endure from their fanatical and brutal jailers. The cruel guard set over them was hardly ever relaxed, so that even in moments when under the tension and terror of approaching separation and death, they most wished to talk freely to one another, this was impossible. The heroic patience and astounding good-nature of the King won the hearts of many of his enemies. Nor did the near peril of being denounced to the Commune prevent some of the revolutionists from doing all in their power to soften the miseries of the close confinement, and to furnish the prisoners with news from the world without.

It was difficult to know who to trust, and even over Cléry there seems to have been some cloud. On the other hand, there was heroic fidelity in Malesherbes, and his interviews with the King are inexpressibly touching. Louis was so heroic in his forgiveness, so unbroken by his poignant grief, so firm to the very end, that one reads his last days with the respect and profit with which one studies the life of a saint.

This second volume of the work, contains the carefully

¹ *Captivité et derniers moment de Louis XVI.* Recits originaux et documents officiels publiés par le Marquis de Beaucourt. Tome i. Recits Originaux. Tome ii. Documents Officiels. Paris : Alphonse Picard et fils, 1892.

edited official documents on the same tragic subject. It is the reverse of the medal; not that the horrors of the first volume were not horrible enough, but the contrast between the simple grandeur of the family of the King, and the stilted sensibility and mock-classical diction in which his persecutors clothed their hideous decrees is most striking. The pettiness, the hate, the thirst for blood, the diabolical massacres of the Swiss and of the prisoners, the ruthless treatment of the royal family of which the usurping Commune stands condemned in these pages, is all the more striking because it is almost entirely given in their own measured and hypocritical words.

The report of a *Commissaire du Temple* on the behaviour of Louis when separated from his son, and ordered to appear at the bar of the Convention, and the picture it gives of Marie Antoinette after his departure (pp. 178, seq.) are most touching. The horror of another Republican officer when the King (whom he despises as *un roi dévot*) refused to break the fast of ember-days, and the praise he showered on Cléry, who would seem not to have shared his master's scruples, is curious. (pp. 206, 207.)

The Republicans were full of fears that the King would take his own life to escape the shame of the scaffold, and even pretended that some of his faithful friends meant to assassinate him for the same reason. These would-be philosophers were puzzled at his marvellous self-possession at the trial and on the scaffold, which they put down to the influence of his confessor, Abbé Edgeworth.

This volume closes with some interesting Appendices, among which are the will of Louis XVI. (p. 327), fresh details of his imprisonment (p. 333), and a dissertation of the celebrated words of Abbé Edgeworth at the scaffold (p. 353), "*Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel.*"

6.—HISTORY OF ISLAMISM AND THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.¹

The work here presented to the public by Monsieur L. de la Garde de Dieu, is intended to warn Europe of the danger wherewith it is threatened by the Panislamic policy of Abd ul-Hamid II., the Sultan of Turkey. English readers will find it difficult to believe that Europe has much to fear at the hands

¹ *Histoire de l'Islamisme et de l'Empire Ottoman.* Par L. de la Garde de Dieu. Bruxelles : Société Belge de Librairie, 1892.

of the "Sick Man." Russophobia, or fear of a Pan-Sclavonic movement, has a much more telling effect on the nerves and minds of most Englishmen. The last forty pages of the book are devoted to the consideration of the misgovernment of the Ottoman Empire by the present Sultan. We are told that Abd ul-Hamid II. has no illusions as to the fate of Turkey, that many Turks believe that he is the last Sultan, but that, when the great conflagration shall at last break out, and the armed nations of the continent are marshalling their millions for the onslaught, he will unfurl the banner of the prophet for the last time, and gathering together all the forces of Islam for the Holy War, carry fire and sword into the heart of Christian Europe.

Leading us up to the consideration of the policy of the present occupant of the Ottoman throne, there is an excellent, and full, yet withal concise account of the rise and fall of the empires and kingdoms founded by the followers of Mahomet. The long and weary struggle of the false prophet crowned at last by success only a short time before his death, is graphically told. Marvellous was the spread of Mahommedanism. Mahomet died June 8th, A. D. 632; before the close of the year 639 all Syria and Palestine were subdued, in 640 Egypt was conquered by Othmar; in 651 Persia, which had ever successfully opposed Rome in the height of its power, passed under its sway. Whilst the Ommiads held the Caliphate, the entire coast of North Africa with its once flourishing churches, acknowledged Mahomet as the prophet of God. Next Spain was conquered A. D. 711, and the fate of France and Christendom was trembling in the balance, when Charles Martel, at the head of his valiant Franks, met the Saracenic hordes near Poitiers. After a long and bloody conflict the Saracens were routed with the loss of 375,000 men. We see how the power of the Caliphs of Bagdad gradually waned, how religious dissensions were rending asunder the faith of Islam, how the Mussulman recognized in Spain an Ommiad, in Egypt a Fatimite, in Bagdad an Abbaside Caliph, and how the power of the False Prophet seemed to be destined to an early extinction, when by the rule of Hakem in Egypt and the conquest of the Seldjukian Turks, it gained a new lease of life. Next follows a brief account of the Crusades, the fall of the Moorish power in Spain, and the rise of the Ottoman Turks. With a sympathetic hand the efforts of the Popes, of Hunyadi and Scanderberg, to stem the onward march

of the Ottomans, are traced. French and English, Germans and Italians alike, eaten up by petty jealousy and envy, seem blinded to the awful fate that is hanging over Christendom. One power alone is alive to the danger, and that of course is the Papacy. Mahomet II., the Conqueror of Constantinople, is utterly routed before Belgrave, and for a brief space Christian Europe breathes freely. Thirty-nine years after the death of Mahomet II., Soliman II., the greatest of the Sultans, began his rule. Belgrade is captured, the Hungarians are routed on the plain of Mohacs, 1526, Hungary is conquered, and Vienna seemed destined to fall, like Rhodes, into the hands of the Osmanlis.

Under Selim II. the power of the Crescent sweeps onward to the West, whilst the nations of Europe, torn by religious dissensions and weakened by civil strife, seemed destined to yield an easy prey to the conquering power of Islam. By the almost superhuman efforts of St. Pius V., a vast armament is prepared, placed under the command of Don John of Austria, and in the Gulf of Lepanto wins that famous victory over the Turkish fleet which has proved it to be one of the great decisive battles of the world. Moments of unutterable peril Europe undoubtedly had at the hands of the Turks after the battle, but as we look back upon the past, we can trace the decline in their power and influence from that day. We have naught but praise to bestow on the terse yet clear style of the author.

7.—LA COMÉDIE DES CHAMPS.¹

Our readers are familiar with the name of M. Charles d'Héricault and his able and voluminous writings on the subject of the French Revolution. This great French writer is, however, not less at home on lighter themes, as a perusal of his latest work, *La Comédie des Champs*, will convince them. It is an amusing and *spirituel* brochure, many passages in which remind one of Bornand's inimitable *Happy Thoughts*, and may safely be placed in the hands of the young. The plot is simple enough. Alfred Huriel and his sister, a young Parisian pair, succeed to a considerable property in one of the most primitive and secluded parts of Picardy, on condition, however, of residing

¹ *La Comédie des Champs*. Par Charles d'Héricault. Librairie de Firmin-Didot et Cie., Imprimeurs de l'Institut, Rue Jacob, 56, à Paris.

on it for ten months in the year. It is needless to say that the prospect of being thus practically buried alive is by no means attractive to the Parisian *bourgeois*, and still less so to the young lady, a spoiled beauty of the most fanciful type, and the account of their taking possession of their rural domain, and subsequent adventures, will be read with much genuine amusement. Nothing can well be more comic than the various types of rural life at Sainte-Godeleine, though other and more serious creations of M. d'Héricault's fertile pen are not wanting. Mlle. de Sains, the sister of a neighbouring proprietor, is one of the most beautiful and touching ideals of French womanhood we have ever come across. They are constantly thrown together, and M. Huriel is ever on the point of asking her to become his wife, yet something restrains him, and he is conscious of an indefinable feeling towards her, which seems incompatible with the idea of marriage. Later on he learns that she has always had a religious vocation, and realizes the meaning of the feeling with which she has always inspired him when she becomes a nun. M. d'Héricault, we may mention, resides on his own property near Samer, and is thoroughly at home in all the details of French rural life.

8.—LIDIA DONATI.¹

The story entitled, *Lidia Donati*, brings out in sharply accentuated contrast the differences in character between a brother and a sister. The former is all that is despicable, the latter all that is admirable. The scene of the narrative is laid in Fiesole, the principal personages are descendants of an ancient and noble Florentine house. Carlo Donati, a worthless spendthrift, stakes the whole of his widowed mother's fortune on a race, and loses. Too cowardly to face his mother, before whose passionate nature he has often quailed, he deposes the Marchese Vanutelli, an old friend of the family, who is the soul of honour, unselfishness, and generosity, to break the tidings to her. They are her death-blow. Her proud spirit cannot brook the humiliation, grief, and disappointment brought on her by her only son; therefore we are told, God in His mercy takes pity on her, and that same night summons her to Himself. Lidia, a girl of seventeen, fresh from a convent school, finds

¹ *Lidia Donati.* A Tale of Florence. By L. M. P. London: R. Washbourne, Paternoster Row, 1892.

herself bereft of her mother's care, and thrown suddenly into poverty. But she utters not a word of complaint, nor a word of reproach to her brother; nor does she blame even the wealthy Englishman who has been the means of their ruin. On the contrary, she thanks him for his kindness in allowing her to make over to him the beautiful villa which has been the home of the family for generations, as payment—only part payment—of the enormous debt of honour he has led her foolish, idle brother into contracting. The Donatis retire to a farm on their property, where Lidia supports herself and Carlo by her painting. Her pictures are purchased at a fancy price by the Englishman, Mr. Treherne, whose son and daughter come to inhabit the villa at Fiesole, and become great friends with Lidia. Meanwhile the Marchese Vanutelli, to whose care Lidia was confided by her dying mother, and who, though an old friend, is not old in years, loses his heart to his charming ward, and pictures to himself a happy future with her at his side. But he waits to ask her to be his wife, thinking it best not to trouble her while she is so young, and love is evidently far from her thoughts; and when he proposes to her, he finds that he has been forestalled by the young Englishman, who has won her affections. The Marchese's conduct towards his rival is most generous; he promotes the union of the young people, and seeks to remove the great obstacle to their union. Mr. Treherne is an atheist, and the pious Lidia cannot marry one who does not believe in God. But the beauty of her character, and the sterling qualities of the Marchese, effect what argument cannot achieve; his cynical disbelief in human goodness fades away, and he learns to believe in supernatural and Divine goodness. One day he meets Lidia in a church.

He looked down at the kneeling figure by his side. She, whom he loved more than he could ever say, was kneeling down before this great, unseen, wonderful God, whose existence he denied, and for whom Lidia would unhesitatingly give him up unless he believed as she did. And he was kneeling too—he wondered why. It had seemed natural to him on entering the chapel—and why? Treherne could not tell. The faith of Lidia was not of man. No one was ever so wrapped up in what did not exist as she was in her religion. It needed some wonderful power to put it there. Surely Lidia would not kneel and adore before an empty shrine! The idea that her faith was born of imagination began to melt away. There was Marchese Vanutelli's example too, ever before his eyes. What had prompted his unselfish sacrifice and helped him to carry it out? There was a barrier between

him and Lidia that he only could remove. The Marchese had asked him not to ruin his own life. He had said that Lidia's was safe, for she had placed it in God's keeping. (p. 195.)

Finally Carlo, who had been practising a course of wanton deception, awakens to a sense of shame, and is led to reform. After some other vicissitudes, which we leave the reader to discover for himself, all ends happily.

This narrative, the plot of which is very simple, can safely be placed in the hands of young girls. It is an interesting story, and the principles it inculcates are excellent. It is quite free from the high-flown, unhealthy sentiment sometimes found in stories intended to point a moral.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

A theological work of the highest value will be found in the reissue of the Dogmatic Constitutions of the Vatican Council,¹ with ample and admirable commentaries from the pen of Father Granderath, S.J. The Decrees of the Council have been published in the Collection of modern Councils, edited by the Jesuit Fathers, then of Maria-Laach, and hence called the *Collectio Lacensis*. Of that Collection it forms the seventh volume. For the purposes of this publication the Fathers had the freest access to the original Acts of the Great Council of the Vatican, and Father Granderath has availed himself of the mass of information thus acquired, to give the dogmatic decisions, and to illustrate and explain them from the history of the Council and from the authentic history of its discussions. The only limitation, it would seem, that was put on the editors of the Acts was that the names should not be published of the Bishops who proposed various objections to the forms under debate for final definition. This in no way detracts from the value or the interest of the discussions, with which we are thus made acquainted; and certainly no theologian for the future will be able to handle the splendid definitions

¹ *Constitutiones Dogmaticæ Sacrosancti Œcumenici Concilii Vaticani*, ex ipsis ejus Actis explicatæ atque illustratæ a Theodoro Granderath, S.J. Friburgi Brisgovie: Herder.

bequeathed to us by the Council, without drawing on the illustrations thus furnished. And as the matters are of such pressing moment, it would be well that not only the professor and the student should make himself acquainted with these last declarations of the Church assembled in Council, with their meaning presented to us as we should have seized it if we had been there present, but even that every priest, if possible, should read the treatise or pamphlet of two hundred and thirty pages of Father Granderaath.

*A Day in the Temple*¹ is a little book thrown into the form of an imaginary dialogue between Zachary, the father of St. John the Baptist, and Samuel, a young neophyte of the sacerdotal caste. Its object is to illustrate portions of the New Testament history, such as historical events, the Purification, the Finding in the Temple, the Teaching in the Temple Courts, Disputing with Scribes and Chief Priests on the day of the Tabernacles, &c., and also to bring out the relation between the Old Law and its fulfilment in the Person and Work of our Lord. The author bases his exposition on the considerable ancient literature (Scriptural and Rabbinical) which in recent years has been carefully and critically studied by many writers of note. The mass of sacrificial details in some but not all portions of the book may perhaps repel a reader at first sight, but this could hardly have been avoided, as it is involved in the nature of the subject-matter. The complications of Jewish worship are most bewildering. But any one who will have the patience to read patiently what Zachary has to tell him, will find in this little book the means of realizing better the conditions under which our Lord lived during His earthly life, and will discover the many little points of interest in the Gospel narrative which had hitherto escaped him.

*A Mediæval Franciscan Catalogue*² will be of value to historians and not without interest to others besides. By a *Provinciale* is meant a catalogue of provinces. The one before us gives a list of all the provinces, vicariates, custodies, and houses of the Franciscan Order throughout the world in the fourteenth century. It is edited by Father Eubel from a Vatican manuscript with great care, having been collated with other

¹ *A Day in the Temple*. By A. J. Maas, S.J., Professor of Oriental languages, Woodstock, Md. Freiburg: Herder, 1892.

² *Provinciale Ordinis Fratrum Minorum, vetustissimum*. Sec. cod. vat. 1960. Denuo edidit, Fr. Conradus Eubel, Ord. Min. Conv. Quaracchi, near Florence: College of St. Bonaventure, 1892.

authorities, and improved by the addition of the modern names to the places mentioned, and by notes, partly Father Eubel's own, partly those of an ancient writer, Bartholomæus Pisanus. It shows the Order at that time possessing thirty-four provinces, several vicariates, and an enormous number of houses. We naturally turn to England, which curiously occurs at the very head of the list, the writer's arrangement being to begin with the more distant provinces and to conclude with the Roman. In England there were seven custodies or guardianships: London, Oxford, Bristol, Cambridge, Worcester, York, Newcastle; and each custody had under it several houses, so that altogether in England there seems to have been fifty-nine houses, and what noble houses some of them were. The diligence of the author in adding the modern names has been great. He has, however, some mis-spellings of our English names, so hard for foreigners to get accurately. And we wonder if he is right in translating Briguorth in the Province of Worcester, by Broughton, instead of Bridgnorth, and Grememirtam in the Province of Cambridge, by Greenwich.

We are glad to see a new edition of Father Schneider's *Manuale Clericorum*,² which supplies to students in ecclesiastical ceremonies and young divines in general what the same author's *Manuale Sacerdotum* supplies to priests. Those who have read the latter book will understand the success that has attended Father Schneider's duty in behalf of the younger clergy. The *Manuale Clericorum* is indeed a wonderful compendium. The difficulty is to say what it does *not* contain. It consists of two parts, the first Ascetical and the second Liturgical. The first is a treatise on the spiritual life, with devotions, prayers, &c. The latter gives directions for every clerical office or duty which may be imposed on the young seminarian, be he in minor orders, deacon, or subdeacon. Like most German books it is compact, practical, and as elaborate as a compendium can be.

The same publisher has brought out a new edition of the *Horæ Diurnæ*,³ which we cannot praise too highly for the clearness of the type and perfect legibility, in spite of its convenient and portable size. Its clearness is the result of the sharply cut and well-linked type. In this respect the German Office books surpass all others. The letters are firmer, darker,

² *Manuale Clericorum*. Collegit disposuit edidit P. Jos. Schneider, S.J. Fourth Edition. Ratisbonne: Pustet.

³ *Horæ Diurnæ*. Breviaris Romani. Ratisbonne: Pustet.

and consequently far more pleasant to the eyes. It is beautifully got up and printed on tinted paper, which we imagine will not show the dirt as soon as white. We recommend it to any one who desires to make a present to a clerical friend and to the priest who may need a new *Horæ Diurnæ*.

Under the well-known initials C.F.P.C. has appeared a pamphlet¹ indicating the Divine origin of the Temporal Power of the Pope, and basing it upon the succession of the Church to the heritage of Israel. The writer contrasts the caducity of all the temporal gifts with the unfailing stability of the Throne of the Vicar of Christ. We do not find it easy to follow the argument of this pamphlet throughout, but we cannot but admire the loyalty of the writer and his zealous advocacy of the civil principedom of the Holy See. He is very much opposed to the views put forward by Mr. W. S. Lilly, that the Pope's civil sovereignty is on a level with other sovereignties. The vision of Daniel ii. 27—45, is alleged to be a prediction of the views advocated in these pages. We fully agree with the writer in his opinion that national caducity is the certain result of the notation of the natural and of the positive law.

The Servite Fathers, whose Order has taken firm root in England of late years, have issued a Manual of Our Lady of the Seven Dolours.² It seems a very complete handbook of their special devotion, written by one that other Orders may well envy them. The book is more particularly intended for those who belong to the Third Order of the Servites, or frequent their churches, but it may be used with advantage by all who desire to cultivate a spirit of devotion to the sorrows of the Holy Mother. The Manual is, like all the books of this sort published by Messrs. Burns and Oates, beautifully printed and very neatly got up.

This is the second edition of a little book, *The Bread of Life*,³ by the late Father Rawes, which is probably known already to many. It is certainly worthy to be recommended to devout persons who wish for fresh and solid thoughts to aid

¹ *The Theocracy and the Law of National Caducity.* By the Author of *Civil Principality*, &c. London: Burns and Oates.

² *The Servite Manual.* A Collection of Devotions chiefly in honour of Our Lady of Dolours. London: Burns and Oates.

³ *The Bread of Life, or St. Thomas Aquinas on the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar.* Arranged as Meditations, with Prayers and Thanksgivings for Holy Communion. By the Very Rev. H. A. Rawes, D.D. Second Edition. Burns and Oates; Benziger Brothers.

them when they go to Communion. The substance is taken from a little treatise by St. Thomas of Aquin, a sufficient guarantee for its quality. Father Rawes has given a special turn to the arrangement to adapt it the better to the use of his Confraternity of the Servants of the Holy Ghost. Thus in each section first comes a portion of the treatise of St. Thomas; secondly, the texts referred to by St. Thomas as conveying, whether according to their literal or accommodated sense, the meanings which he has just expounded. These in St. Thomas are joined with the exposition. All that Father Rawes does is to detach them and call them the Voices of the Holy Ghost. In the third place, under each section we find prayers, mostly of thanksgiving, in which the ideas of the previous exposition are introduced. These prayers are Father Rawes's own composition.

The second volume of the *Catholic's Miniature Library*¹ contains four of the separate parts bound up in an attractive cover. *The Sacred Heart and the Holy Souls* is a valuable instruction on Purgatory from the writings of Blessed Margaret Mary. The Ven. Curé d'Ars contributes sayings redolent of his wonderful sanctity, while Cardinal Manning and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald complete this most useful little book. We hope that this Miniature Series may meet with the success it deserves.

*Theophane Vénard*² is one of the most interesting of the many interesting biographies published by the Catholic Truth Society. It is the life of a modern saint and martyr (for M. Vénard was only martyred in 1861), and is full of incidents that recall the stories of the martyrs of old and establish the unbroken continuity of the spirit that animates the brave missionaries of the Church. For the many wonderful escapes M. Vénard had of being captured on his way to the scene of his labours, for the account of his imprisonment in his cage, of his cruel death, long desired and predicted by him in his childhood, we must refer our readers to Lady Herbert's skilfully written and most attractive pages.

St. Dominic is one of the saints who left upon the whole Church a distinct impress beyond that which ordinary saints impart. The mere fact that he was chosen by our Lady to receive the inestimable treasure of the Rosary, puts him by

¹ *The Catholic's Miniature Library*. Vol. II. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *Theophane Vénard, Martyr in Tonquin, 1829-61*. By Lady Herbert. London: Catholic Truth Society.

itself into the front rank of her faithful servants, and the illustrious Order that he founded perpetuates his fame as a theologian and a man of God. The new edition of his *Life*,¹ just published by Messrs. Burns and Oates, is excellently suited for general circulation, and cannot fail to edify and interest all who peruse it.

A second edition of Father Sabela's *Lenten Sermons*² has been issued. They are short, simple, and practical, and put before us the story of our Lord's Passion in language that all can understand, with suitable reflections intermingled, which may help us to learn the lessons that the sacred story is intended to convey. The volume ends with a sermon in behalf of a local charity, for which Father Sabela asks for contributions.

A dainty little collection of Gems³ from the writings of St. Alphonsus, daintily got up, has been got together by Miss Sarah O'Brien. The book, though it has a separate gem for every day in the year, is small enough to go in one's waistcoat pocket. The gems themselves need no further recommendation than the name of their author.

In India controversy goes on pretty briskly. Mr. Gore's insidious little book first made its appearance there, and Protestant pamphlets without number. Among them is one by Mr. Shepherd, of Lucknow, who has written one with the novel title of *The Prophecies of St. Peter and St. Paul*. It is an attack throughout on the Catholic Church, and Mr. Fred. Fanthorne has written an answer⁴ which exposes its misleading sophistries and false statements one by one, with clearness and vigour. Mr. Shepherd seems to have the Inquisition on the brain, he explains the gates of Hell which are not to prevail against the Church by the Spanish Inquisition which was not to crush out the Protestants of Southern Europe. We imagine that he would see the fulfilment of our Lord's words in the conventicle that has been recently set up by Dr. Plunkett in Madrid. It is very sad that India too should be beset by these

¹ *Life of St. Dominic*. With a Sketch of the Dominican Order. Second Edition. London: Burns and Oates.

² *A Course of Lenten Sermons on the Passion and Death of our Lord Jesus Christ*. By Rev. P. Sabela. Second Edition. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

³ *Little Gems from St. Alphonsus Liguori*. Selected and arranged for every day in the year. By Sarah O'Brien. Dublin: Vincent O'Brien, 8, O'Connell Street.

⁴ *A Critic Criticized; being a Refutation of a Pamphlet against the Holy Catholic Church*. Calcutta: Fracher, Spink, and Co.

Protestant fanatics who make the conversion of the country to Christianity morally impossible.

A translation of the *Following of Christ*¹ which bears the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Wiseman, dated May 17th, 1851, is evidently to be taken as a new edition of a translation which was fresh at that date. It is nicely got up, with a red border to each page, and has the excellent arrangement of the chapters of the book for prayers and readings adapted to particular occasions, such as Communion and retreats. It will make a suitable little present for a friend.

It is a very short time since the *Autobiography of Archbishop Ullathorne*² appeared, but we are not surprised to find from the speedy requirement of another edition that the Archbishop's pleasant and interesting account of his various experiences has found favour with Catholic readers.

The love of the supernatural is strong in every one of us, and thus a real, true ghost story is sure to command attentive listeners. The one before us³ is well worth hearing. It proposes to be, and doubtless is, founded on fact. The apparition in this case is that of a nun, who every Christmas Eve revisits the spot where the greater portion of her life on earth was spent. The house where the occurrence related took place was formerly a convent, inhabited by a community of nuns who devoted themselves to succouring and sheltering the destitute poor. It is now a girls' school. One of the pupils, having heard of the ghost, has the courage to watch for its appearance; she hears from the lips of the grief-stricken phantom the tale of the unexpiated sin for which she has during four hundred years endured the pains of Purgatory. Until the work of atonement is vicariously performed she cannot be set free. The young girl, touched with compassion for the suffering soul, generously undertakes the task of atonement; eternal life is the reward of her charity. Some mannerisms of style slightly mar the simplicity of this highly interesting and instructive narrative. The other two stories have also a colouring of the supernatural which imparts to them a more than ordinary attractiveness.

¹ *The Following of Christ*. In Four Books. A new Translation. Burns and Oates; Benziger Brothers.

² *Autobiography of Archbishop Ullathorne*. With Selections from his Letters. Second Edition. Burns and Oates; Benziger Brothers.

³ *A real Ghost, and other Christmas stories*. By May Dearn. London: R. Washbourne, 1892.

II.—MAGAZINES.

In the opening article of the January number of the *Études*, Father Abt asserts that what the Holy Father says of the aggressions of Freemasonry in Italy is unfortunately equally true in regard to France. For the last fifteen years it has held supreme sway in the Cabinet and the Legislature; whatever the changes of Government, the majority of the Ministers have always been Freemasons. The utterances of the ablest men of the Catholic camp, amongst them the Archbishop of Aix, are quoted in support of the statement that it is with Freemasonry, not Republicanism, that Christianity now has to struggle. A missionary in Madagascar gives statistics to show the slight progress made by Catholic missions in that island on account of (1) the want of sufficient funds to keep up their establishments; (2) the opposition of the English power which seeks to destroy French influence; (3) the sad example of the home Government in its warfare against religion. The appointment of M. Lafitte, a recognized leader of positivism, to the professorial chair of history of sciences in the Collège de France, suggests an essay on the subject of positivism. Unlike many positivists of the present day, who disclaim for their system identity with that of Comte, M. Lafitte is a true disciple of that philosopher. Inquiry is made as to what constitutes the essential principles and characteristics of this system, which the writer summarizes as physical dogmatism and metaphysical scepticism. Father Delaporte contributes an article on Louis XVI., eulogizing his pious life and devotion to the welfare of his people. A hundred years have now elapsed since the execution of that unhappy monarch, to whom Pope Pius VI. gave the title of Martyr-King, since it cannot be doubted that his loyal attachment to the faith was the cause of his being put to death. Many circumstances of his martyrdom recall the Passion of our Lord. An essay entitled "Letters from Turkey" gives an excellent description of the capital of the Ottoman Empire, that strange medley of magnificence and misery, of the modern and the ancient, of minarets and palaces, whose streets are peopled with picturesque figures from all parts of the world, and where most striking of all is the constant struggle observable between the Western spirit of progress and enterprise, and Eastern immobility and inertia.

In a former number of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, Father Granderath showed that from the laws which govern inanimate matter important arguments may be drawn in proof of the existence of a supreme Creator. He now proceeds to show that the organic world bears a like testimony, and that it is not modern research but a wrong-headed philosophy and undiscerning pursuit of exact science which militates against the time-honoured belief in Divine Providence. Father Kreiten gives an account of the three first Provincial Letters, and the Jansenistic errors they were intended to defend, besides an exposition of the true doctrine concerning grace taught by the Jesuits, and misrepresented and ridiculed by Pascal. The concluding portion of Father Pfül's essay on the nature, uses, applications of aluminium, and its combinations under the influence of electricity, displays much scientific knowledge of his subject, and will interest those readers who have already some acquaintance with chemistry and metallurgy. The instalment of Mirabeau's Life comprises the early years of his public career. While enjoying oratorical and literary renown, this gifted and unscrupulous man was in great pecuniary difficulties, and his craving after political prominence remained unsatisfied until the outbreak of the Revolution. The paintings of Fra Angelico in the Convent of St. Mark, which constitute some of the most precious treasures of Florentine art, are described by the able and appreciative pen of Father Beissel. He remarks that amongst them there is no picture of the Last Judgment, the artist having deemed it advisable to place permanently before the eyes of his brethren in religion incidents from the Life of Christ and His Holy Mother, rather than the terror-inspiring Day of Wrath.

In the February issue of the *Katholik*, the biography of the late Abbot Wolter is resumed at the period of his entrance into the Benedictine Order. Together with his brother, a monk of the same Order, he founded the celebrated Convent of Beuron, and became its first Abbot. With prudent, gentle, and firm hand he abolished certain innovations that had crept into the monastic use, and restored the primitive Rule in its integrity. Canon Höhler adduces the testimony of history in proof of the immutability of the Church's teaching. He shows how, as the anticipation of the Messiah's coming was handed down in unbroken succession by the Jews until the Old Dispensation was superseded by the New, so the law of the Gospel instituted by

our Lord will remain unchanged until the consummation of ages. Representations of our Lady in the first three centuries is the title of an archæological essay of considerable interest. The figure of the Madonna is not frequently found in the half-obliterated frescoes of the Catacombs, but where she appears, it is mostly with the Divine Child. Dr. Huppert directs the attention of the reader to the fact that in a pamphlet recently published by a Benedictine Father, a somewhat mistaken view is given of the doctrine of St. Augustine in regard to predestination.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (1023, 1024), commenting on the deplorable story of the Panama scandal, expresses the hope that the revelation of the knavery and venality of officials in high position may teach a misguided people the true character of the men who, under the cloak of patriotism, promulgate laws subversive of Christianity. In a former article, the *Civiltà*, stripping the mask from modern Judaism, showed the undying hatred of the Jew to the Christian theoretically exhibited in the pages of the Talmud; it now shows this hatred put into practice and active, from the testimony, documentary and oral, of certain Jews in regard to what is termed "the mystery of blood" in the celebration of the Paschal rites. A critique of a new work by the Florentine Professor Conti, entitled *Literature and Country*, gently points out to the venerable author that love of his country has led him to minimize and gloss over the evils resulting from the oppression of the Church by the State. An article on the Episcopal Jubilee of the Holy Father takes an encouraging and hopeful view of the issue of the conflict in which the Church is now engaged with her numerous foes. The remaining papers are an essay on the importance of a school of moral philosophy for laymen in accordance with the teaching of St. Thomas, and a learned disquisition on the names of some Hittite kings. The *Natural Science Notes* recapitulate the principal discoveries science owes to the labours of Pasteur; discuss the possibility of the adoption by the Greeks of the Gregorian Calendar; and give some interesting details concerning the difference between vegetable and mineral poisons, and the difficulty of tracing the former in an autopsy.

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